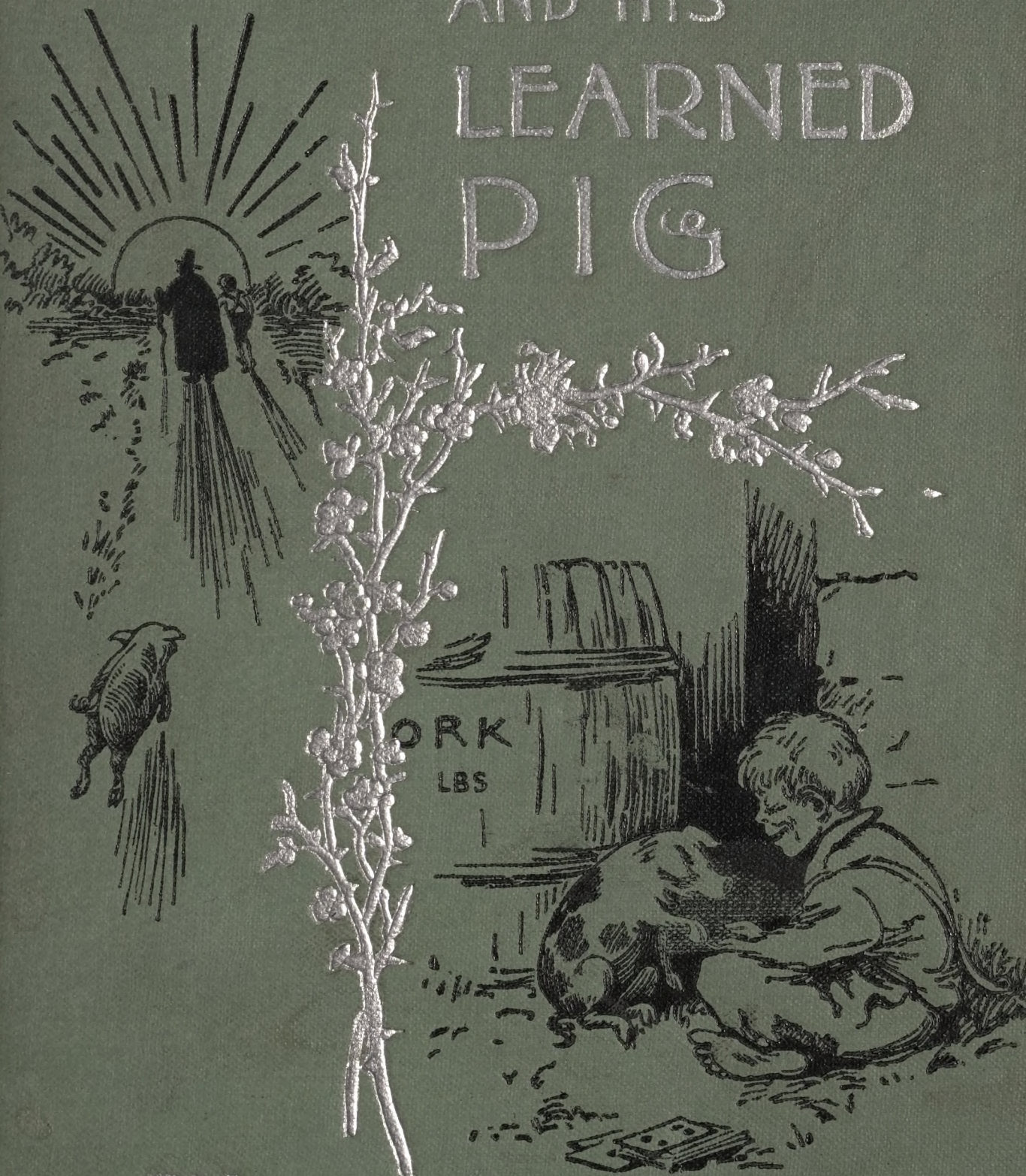


PADDY O'LEAREY AND HIS LEARNED PIG



BY
ELIZABETH W.
CHAMPNEY

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PADDY O'LEAREY

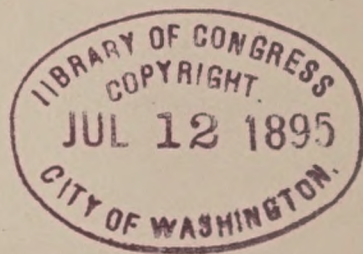
AND HIS

LEARNED PIG

BY ✓

ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



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NEW YORK
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1895

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CHAPTER I.

AN IRISH FAIR.



It was at one of the merriest fairs ever held in Killarney that Paddy O'Learey first saw a learned pig. It was a wonderful fair entirely, so Paddy thought, even before he saw the pig, what with the hurling, where Pat O'Toole "put" the great hammer a fabulous distance as easily as Paddy could have tossed a ball; and the dancing to Phelim McCarthy's fiddle, with all the pretty girls dressed in their best, their bright eyes shining and their red cheeks glowing; and the "'ating!" for Paddy had never seen in all his short and hungry life so many good things as were set out in the tip-carts ranged along the main thoroughfare. There was one drawback to his perfect enjoy-

ment of the last-named attraction. Though Paddy had walked that morning from the Desmond estate to the town of Killarney, a good eight miles, on a scanty breakfast, and had an appetite whetted to the point of appreciating all of the pies, turnovers, gingerbread, and other dainties displayed, his mother had provided him with but one penny. He could only buy one cake of hard gingerbread, which resembled an ancient Babylonian tile in its general appearance, and in its resistance to his eager teeth. Even this was all too soon devoured and failed to fill an aching void.

But Paddy was quite accustomed to going hungry, and there was so much to amuse him in the fair that he wandered about quite happy, listening to the entrancing strains of Garry Owen, the Bedfordshire hornpipe, or the jolly peddler, and feasting his eyes on the brilliant posters which told of the wonders to be seen inside the tents. The paintings which described the accomplishments of a certain educated pig were particularly alluring.

This extraordinary porker was represented performing as many feats as Mother Hubbard's celebrated dog. He was depicted clothed in a pair of green trousers, wearing a rakish cocked hat, and as playing upon an Irish harp, dancing, reading, drilling as a soldier, standing upon his head, feigning death, carousing and playing many other laughable antics.

Paddy looked longingly at the privileged persons who entered the enclosure, but finally turned away and consoled himself with fitting his eye to a knot-hole in the palings of the Punch and Judy Theatre, and in watching all the other varied scenes which passed before him with such joyous tumult.

There was a quack dentist who blarneyed people into having their teeth extracted for a shilling, "with or without pain." He wore a necklace of molars with great fangs, and added each new and gory trophy to this cannibalistic rosary, never caring that his victims protested with loud howls that their jaws were "broke intirely."

Perceiving Paddy standing before him with

a fascinated stare, the dentist, in a pause in his custom, offered to extract one of the boy's sound teeth for nothing, merely as an exhibition of his skill.

Paddy declined this generous offer, and hurried away to watch the thimble-man swindle the unwary.

"Only tuppence a guess," he would cry. "Now you see it, and now you don't. Under which of these thimbles, *acushla*, have I hid the pea? You guess right, and I gives you tuppence. You guess wrong, and you gives it to me."

Paddy saw one foolish fellow try ten times, winning twice and losing eight times.

He did not know that the thimble-man only allowed his customers to win when he saw that their interest in the game could be kept up by so doing. If Paddy had possessed twopence he would certainly have tried, for several times he was quite certain under which thimble the pea would be found. As he had nothing to risk he watched the fortunes of the others. Among those most interested was young Charley Desmond, the

son of the squire on whose estate Paddy lived.

He had often gone otter hunting with the young gentleman, and had been his devoted follower in many other boyish sports. Paddy watched with great interest as Charley Desmond made his guesses, and even volunteered his advice as to the thimble which probably covered the ball.

Suddenly Paddy cried out: "The dirty chate! He's afther desaving you, sor. The ball isn't under nary thimble. He's got it up his sleeve, sor. Yees can see for yeeself."

And suiting the action to the word, he passed his hand quickly across the conjurer's little table, overturning every thimble and proving true the first part of his statement, for none of the thimbles covered the ball. The conjurer raised his arm to strike Paddy, who dodged, but not nimbly enough, for the clinched fist came down upon his shoulder. At the same time a shout of derision rose from the crowd, for the ball rolled to the ground from the swindler's sleeve.

Charley Desmond caught the man's arm

and prevented any further abuse of Paddy, who squirmed from the thimble-man's grasp, and now stood at a little distance rubbing his shoulder and regarding his torn shirt rather ruefully.

"I owe you something, Paddy," said Charley, "for getting that knock for me, and I'll pay your way into any of the shows which you would like to see."

"Plaze your honour, I'd rather see the learned pig. Sure, it's the gintleman, your honour is."

"The learned pig? That is just what Katy wanted to see. She is over there in the carriage. We will get her and go in together."

Kathleen Desmond, Charley's sister, was a dark-eyed girl of fifteen. She nodded pleasantly to the ragged boy, and the three passed into the showman's tent together.

Paddy was disappointed to see that the pig wore only a broad belt of green cloth, instead of the trousers in which he had been represented. Holes had been cut in his ears, and in these bows of green ribbon were

tied, while a third knot of ribbon adorned his tail.

“And now, me darlint,” said the showman, addressing the pig, “we will perform the sivinth article of the p’ogramme, and answer any questions put by the honourable company.”

The man forthwith placed before the audience a frame upon which were hung a number of swinging disks. He then led the pig back towards the audience and placed a cord attached to his collar in Kathleen’s hand.

“If yer leddyship will plaze to hould him the minute,” he said; “sure, the crayther’s that eager for l’arnin’, it’s restraint he’s needing. Now, if one of the gintlemen will give my pig a sum in arithmetic, the answer to the which is found here,” and he proceeded to chalk the numbers from one to ten on the different swinging disks, “the darlint will p’int it out for you. For insters, how much does two and one, and one and four make, Mavourneen?”

He nodded to Kathleen to release the pig, and as soon as she did so it darted forward,

and springing up, hit the disk bearing the number eight several times with its nose.

The showman led the pig back again and Charley Desmond asked, "What is twice five?"

"Sure, I'll change the order a bit, to mix him," said the showman, and he rearranged the disks. Again, the instant that Kathleen let go the string, the pig bounded away and knocked the figure ten with great vigour.

The experiment was performed again and again, the pig never making a mistake, but striking the correct number each time, and apparently enjoying the feat as much as the audience. The showman next substituted words for the figures, and the pig was told to indicate one of these, and again he made no mistake.

Kathleen was filled with wonder and admiration. "Isn't he clever, though? Did you ever see a pig that knew so much?"

But Paddy, who was a prying, sharp little fellow, was not so easily taken in. He had noticed that the showman, under pretence of placing the disks in a different order, hung



something behind the one which he wished the pig to choose, and the boy at once surmised that it was some dainty of which the pig was fond. He determined to watch a little longer before exposing the mountebank, and he merely replied:

“Sure, it’s his master that’s clever, I’m thinking, and by the same token, if I had a bit pig, it’s meself could train him to the same tricks and better.”

“Oh! do you think so? But hush, what is he saying?”

“The crayther will now go through his catechism like a Christian,” the showman announced, and a barrel without head or bottom was rolled in. When in place the word “Catechism” was discovered painted on the side in large letters, and the pig at the same instant darted through the barrel.

“Sure, he’s *gone through* his catechism quicker nor you nor I could do it,” said the showman. The audience shrieked with laughter, but Charley Desmond cried out that this was an old trick.

“Sure, and it is, your honour,” the show-

man admitted, "and not worth showing to your honour; but it's new to some of the craythers. And now I'll show your honour the most wonderful performace of all, for the pig will play upon the harp and dis-coorse the foinest music, so that you will scarce belave so simple a crayther could do it." A small chair was produced, in which the pig was tied. He seemed uncomfortable and struck out wildly with his fore legs.

"Whist! Hould still, ye vixen," said the showman. "Obsarve how impatient he is to begin. Distrain yersel' till I give the signal by rapping on the floore. Here, me foine fellow (this to Paddy), will yees hould his legs till I gives the signal?"

Paddy assisted with alacrity, while the showman rolled forward a dilapidated harp, which he placed between the feet of the animal. He then rapped loudly upon the floor, and Paddy letting go his hold on the swine's hoofs, it began striking and kicking in the most lively manner. It certainly seemed impossible that such wild movements should produce anything but the

direst discord; but "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," "Wearing of the Green," "Kitty Tyrrel," and other well-known airs were recognised.

"Did you ever see anything so wonderful?" Kathleen asked, her eyes wide with amazement.

"Plaze you, Miss Kathleen," said Paddy, "it's all a thrick intirely. Sure, it isn't the pig's harp that's making the music at all, at all. I had my ear close to the strings and sorra a sound come from thim. Sure, there's some one else playing another harp under the floore. Watch me close and see if it isn't so."

With a rapid movement, when next the showman's back was turned, Paddy pulled the pig away from his instrument.

The music continued, and the audience burst into a roar of derisive laughter.

The infuriated showman made a dash at Paddy, but, made wary by previous encounter, the boy dodged adroitly and escaped. There seemed to be no prospect of any further performance, for the man refused to

show his animal's skill any longer "to such a set of ignorant, meddling spalpeens."

Charley Desmond at length succeeded in pacifying him, and the pig was made to dance, to drill, and "to talk French," which he did by replying emphatically, "Oui, oui, oui," when asked if he was for O'Connell. After a few other performances the audience was dismissed.

Paddy was hanging about waiting for the Desmonds when they came out. "Isn't he the swindler, though?" Charley remarked.

"Sure, that he is."

"But did you see through how he made the creature choose the right letters and figures in that first trick?"

"As aisy as 'ating, your honour."

"And could you teach a pig to do all those things?" Kathleen asked.

"And a hunder more bewilderin', if I only had the pig. Didn't I tache your dog to do more things than you ever thought was in the capacity of a brute baste? and it is well known that a pig is more knowledgable, and more like a Christian mortal intirely."

“How long would it take you to educate a pig?” Kathleen inquired.

“I’d engage to give you a show the beat of this in a year’s time,” said Paddy, confidently.

“It’s such a pity we are going back to London next week,” said Kathleen; “I should so like to see you train it.”

“Begging your leddyship’s pardon,” said Paddy, “sorra a pig have I to train.”

“I am going to buy a pig,” Kathleen replied. “Will you keep it and educate it for me until I return?”

“Will Oi? Oi’ll take it to the hedge school for the Latin. It’s the illegant scholard it will be when yees comes back to the Hall. A happy day that will be for us all, for there’s not a gorsoon on the place but worships the ground your leddyship threads on.”

This was nearly true, for Kathleen had visited every cabin on the estate, and knew the name of every child, while she was especially intimate with the O’Learey children, who were their nearest neighbours. There was a little pine grove and a long sandbank between

them which was their common playground. This bank was a fascinating place in which to dig caves, and as it was overlooked by the O'Learey cabin, to which Kathleen's nurse, pretty Rose Callahan, liked to resort, it was a favourite meeting-place of the children.

Rose Callahan had been brought up in Castleisland, Mrs. O'Learey's birthplace, and they liked to gossip about their old neighbours, but especially about Mrs. O'Learey's brother, Barney Maloney. While they chatted, Paddy, who was a wonderful mining engineer, extended his caves far into the bank, strengthening them by wooden supports. Kathleen's imagination and varied reading endowed this cave with fictitious interest. Sometimes it figured as Ali Baba's hidden treasure-house, broken crockery standing for the heaps of gold and jewels; and at others it was a cave-temple for heathen worship, such as her father had told her existed in India, her largest doll representing the idol to be approached only on hands and knees.

Again it was the pirate's cave described in "Guy Mannering," and smuggling raids were

made on the pantry for booty to secrete within it.

This highly enjoyable play came to an untimely end, owing to Kathleen's having been buried in the cave by a falling in of the roof between her and the entrance. Paddy had worked like a beaver, and had dug her out before she had time to suffocate; but Rose Callahan had been so frightened that future cave-life was strictly forbidden.

Still, intercourse with the O'Leareys had not entirely ceased, for Charley had always a troop of ragged urchins at his heels, and Paddy was a valuable assistant in otter hunting, being able to lure the animals from their holes by a clever imitation of their bark. When Paddy saw his young master and mistress at the fair he felt that he was in luck, as indeed he was, for after the exhibition of the learned pig, Kathleen took a little purse from her pocket and a golden guinea from the purse.

"Aunt Henrietta gave me this for my birthday present," she said, "and I know there is nothing I would like so much as a

learned pig. Since you are to train it, I think it is but fair you should have the selecting of it. Will you please buy one for me?"

"Sure," said honest Paddy, his eyes protruding in wonder, "it wouldn't cost more than a crown to buy the little slip I'd be wanting at the pig market at Castleisland next month, and I a-going up to see me grandmother."

"But it may cost you something to get the pig back to Killarney, and you forget that you will have to keep him a whole year, and then you ought to be paid something for his instruction."

Thus urged, Paddy accepted the guinea, and great was the rejoicing in the O'Learey household when he produced it that evening.

"And the young leddy was quite right," said Paddy's father, "to give you something handsome for the keep of the baste, and as that comes out of me, sure I'll change the guinea for you. Here's your crown, which yees can spind at the pig market when yees goes to see your grandmother at Castle-

island, and I'll kape the remaining rimnant on account wid the pig."

"Give it to me, Dinny, *avillish*," said Paddy's mother, "and let me take it up to the Hall to pay the rint. It's two years we're afther bein' behind, and at that gait of backward goin' we won't catch up till you and I are babies."

"Sure, what's the use of payin' at all, at all? Our landlord's that good he would niver evict us."

"Is that the way for an honourable Irishman to talk? I should think you'd be wantin' to pay your just debts."

"And that's what I am, *acushla*; I'm owing three crowns at the *shebeen* house, and Mike says he'll trust me no more till I've paid up my score. Did you mark that, now? Sure, it's mesilf that's a poet, and I didn't know it. The one dibt is as fair as the other. I'm thinkin' I'll pay for the whiskey."

"Mike can wait as aisy as our landlord. Sure, I've heard that Squire Desmond is not so rich as he was, and this money came from him, and it's like he knows we have it."

“There’s no question but that Mike can wait,” replied Dinnis O’Learey; “but kin Oi wait? Answer me that—me that’s been awake without a drop of the crayther, barrin’ and exceptin’ the poteen we had at Larry Lanighan’s wake, and poor stuff it was and little of it.”

“Dinny,” said Mrs. O’Learey, with a pleading look in her faithful eyes, “Dinny darlint, sure it’s better off you’d be if you’d let Mike wait your paymint and niver drink another drop the rest of your mortal life. Sure, with the pertaty crop that bad that it is the winter’s like to be a hard one, and I mistrust we’ll hear the childer cryin’ for hunger before it’s done.”

“And will it fill their insides to know that I’ve paid my rint?” asked Dennis O’Learey, scratching his head. “It’s a dilemmy intirely. Kape the guinea for the prisent and I’ll ask Feyther Nooney’s advice when I goes to confission.”

Mrs. O’Learey hardly knew what to think of this decision, for she doubted whether the priest would advise her husband to pay his

rent, as he was known to be a strong Repeal, as well as Catholic Emancipation, agitator. It was something that her husband had not insisted on giving the money immediately for the whiskey debt, thus making the way clear for future indulgence. Dennis was a kind-hearted man when he was not drunk. She heaved a sigh as she placed the coin in the toe of an old stocking, and hid it behind a loose stone in the chimney, and privately determined that she would have an interview with the priest, and try to win him over to her view of the matter before her husband went to confession.



CHAPTER II.

A PIG MARKET.



MOTHER MALONEY, Paddy's grandmother, lived in Castleisland, a little town to the north of Killarney.

Its name is misleading, for although it possesses the ruins of a very old castle, neither the town nor the fortress is built upon an island. It may be that the river Maine, which flows sleepily by, was once deflected by moats and canals to isolate the stronghold more completely; but however this may have been in the olden time, the castle moat is now dry, and the ruin accessible

to every curious visitor who cares to climb a low stone wall.

The owner of the ruin, in one of his rare visits to Castleisland, noticed that the venerable pile was being pulled to pieces by the townspeople, who found its hewn stones "very convanient" for building purposes. Wishing to protect the ancient landmark from further devastation, he engaged the town stonemason, Barney Maloney, Paddy's uncle, to build a wall around the castle.

On the gentleman's next visit to his estate he found the wall of which we have spoken, but on looking within was surprised and displeased to discover that the finest part of the castle had been demolished.

"Your bill is big enough, Barney," said the irate owner, "but the wall seems to be only of use to screen depredators. What has become of the old donjon keep?"

"Troth, I pulled that down, sir," replied Barney, "to make the wall, and I'm thinkin' that, as it's hardly high enough, I'd best take what's left of the castle to grow it a fut taller."

Barney's stupidity was entirely assumed. He had been more accountable than any one else in the past for plundering the stones from the ruin, for he looked upon the castle as the representation of tyranny, which it was the duty of every good Irishman to resist. He had hoped, however, that his patron would not return so soon, and that he would receive his pay for his *honest labour* before his trick was discovered, and he felt it a great outrage that his employer refused to compensate him for building the wall.

Barney sued the gentleman and the suit went against him. The injustice of the decision of the courts so rankled in Barney's mind that he joined a group of malcontents, neglected his work and went about the country listening to incendiary speeches against landlords and the government. Castleisland has always been a hotbed of rebellion, and though Barney never advocated resorting to violence, there were others who did, and a middleman was shot while attempting to collect rents. The real murderer escaped and several innocent persons, Barney among them,

were arrested. The unfortunate fellow had no confidence in the law, and one night he broke jail and fled the country, thereby fastening the suspicion of the authorities upon himself.

Paddy's grandmother lived in a lonely cabin at the foot of Clanruddy Mountain. Her son Barney had lived with her, had cut her peat, cultivated the bit garden, and tended the little Kerry cow until the terrible affair of the murder. Paddy's mother was her only other living child, and the old woman was very lonely now that Barney had gone. She was a great talker and dearly loved to tell her story. Barney, quite tired out by his rough day's work as a stonemason, would sit on one side of the chimney with his pipe between his teeth, while his mother sat on the other, through the long winter evenings, the son listening, or apparently listening, to the wild legends which the old woman would tell over and over again. Mother Maloney missed her good listener. Sometimes the neighbours found her talking to herself, telling the old stories over from force of habit.

She was delighted to see her grandson, who arrived in Castleisland the week before the pig market. She hugged him and cried over him and blessed him, and talked to him about his uncle, to whom she always referred as "him that's gone."

Paddy remembered his uncle's visiting, or rather hiding, at their cabin in Killarney, on his way to "furrin parts." He was a strapping young man of twenty-five, but he had a hunted look in his face. He had knocked at Paddy's window with his blackthorn shillelah just as morning was dawning. Paddy's mother had kept her brother for a day, during which he had bidden farewell to Rose Callahan, and had sent him on his journey with his green and white striped carpet-bag well filled with bread and meat and a couple of new shirts, which she had just made for her husband. Dennis O'Learey was a generous man, and he gave his brother-in-law all the ready money which he had to purchase a steerage-ticket to New York, and none of his family had seen him since.

"But he'll come back," Mother Maloney

would say; "so here's destruction to his innemies, and may I live to see it. But to think, to think, Paddy, that you have thrudged all the way from Killarney to see your old grandmother. The illegant gossoon that you've grown to be! Sure, there isn't another in the four counties has such fine large teeth or such big feet for his age. It's no thrifle that they'll be costing your feyther, I'm thinkin'."

"As for the teeth, Granny, sure, I can ate with the best, and by the same token I've had only an oat cake for my luncheon."

Mother Maloney bestirred herself and fried a bit of bacon, with some cold boiled potatoes, and Paddy made a more enjoyable dinner than many a king, washed down as it was with a bowl of sweet milk.

"And so you've come all the way to see your grandmother!" Mother Maloney repeated.

"And to buy a pig," said honest Paddy.

"Listen to the likes of him!" exclaimed Mother Maloney. "Is it stocking a farm you're contrivin'?"

Paddy told her the story of the guinea, in which she was much interested. "And how did the dispute between your feyther and your mother turn out, me bouchal? I'll warrant Dinny had the best of the argyment, for you say they left it to the praste, and who iver heard of a soggart (scholate) advising any one to pay his rint?"

"Sure, it was Feyther Nooney had the wisdom of Solomon, Granny. He might have decided for Mike, but my mither got the ear of him and tould him how feyther was better off without the whisky, and thin it was Feyther Nooney who was in a dilemmy, for though he had nothing agin our landlord, Squire Desmond being an Irishman born, niver sending an agent to evict a tenant, but calling himself, fri'ndly like, to collect his rints, and giving us time when we needed it, still it's a member of the Union that Feyther Nooney is, and it's well known that the Union is agin all landlords. Thin, on the other hand, Mike is a parishioner of his, and it would never do to advise feyther not to pay him. So, afther thinking a minute, sure it was an

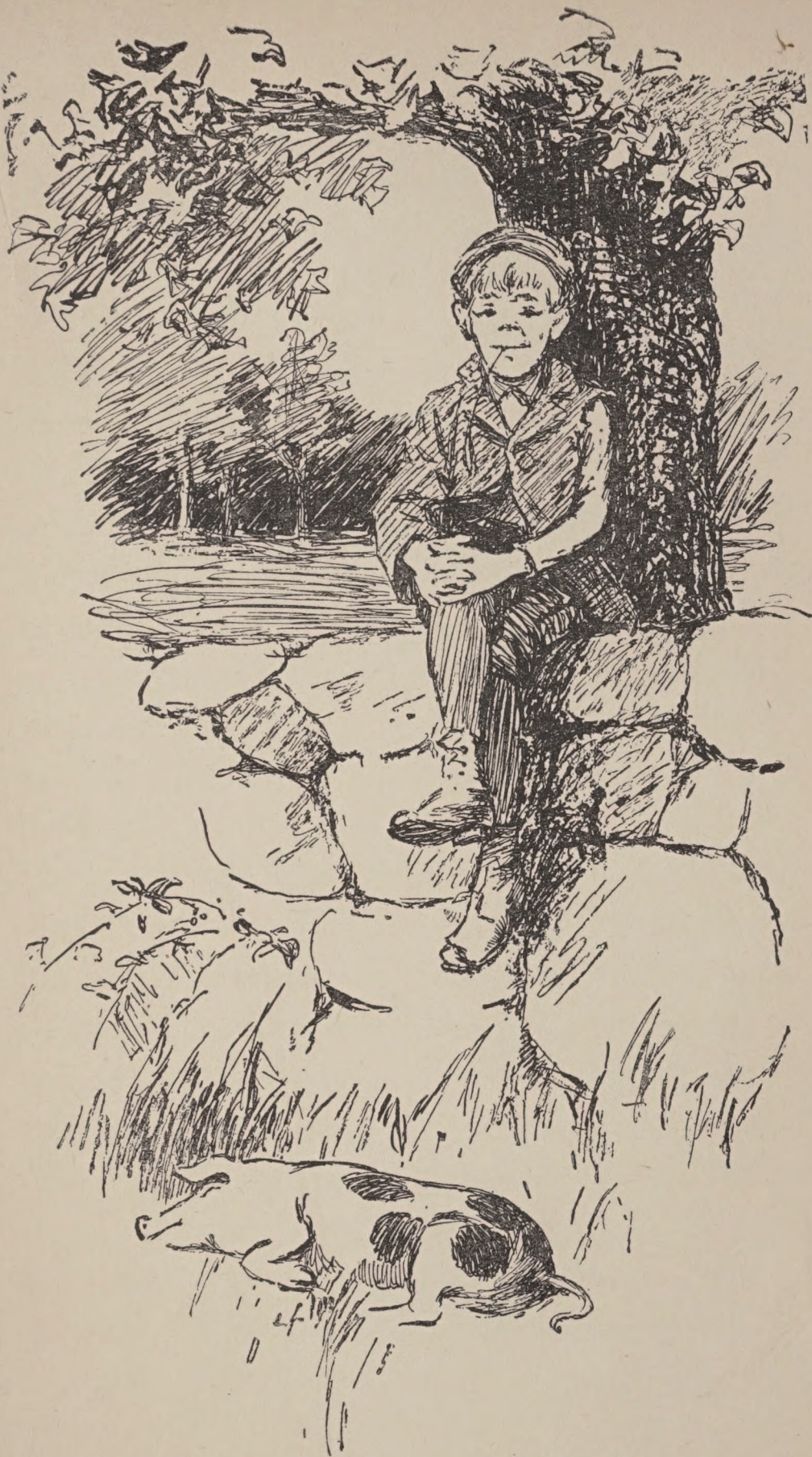
inspiration come to him, and says he—‘A debt is a debt, Dennis O’Leary, and there’s no distinction of parsons. Lay the money aside and pay him that comes first to collect his dues, and by the same token, you’re owin’ the church a small matter of five shillings, and the church comes first,’ says he. With that feyther paid him and thanked him and told me mither, ‘They won’t either of them come to collect,’ says he, ‘so it’s a blessing intirely.’ But me mither knew that Squire Desmond rode along the lawn lake every afthernoön, and she planted me by the way to tell him would he call for the rint, which I did, and much to me feyther’s botherment, up he come riding to the doore that very afthernoön. ‘I’m hearing you’re in luck, Dinny,’ says he, ‘and are desiring, like an honest man, to pay something on your rent.’ ‘Bad luck to thim that tould you so,’ says feyther; ‘but it’s thrue, anyhow, I’ll not denije it.’ And how could he do it with me mither counting out the shillings before his eyes, for Feyther Nooney had broken the guinea!

“ ‘I suppose you have other debts to pay

beside the rint,' says Squire Desmond. 'That I have, your haner,' says feyther, 'and there's Mike a-comin' up the hill to collect his, and who the sorra tould him there was money in the house I don't know, and me not knowing how we shall get through the winter with your haner in Lunnon.'

" 'I've been thinkin' of that,' says Squire Desmond, 'so we'll just wipe out the old account,' says he, 'and you needn't pay a penny, and if ye'll act as gamekeeper in my absince and see that there's no poaching in the forest or on the mountain, ye may have this cottage rent free, beside all the dead wood ye can pick up in the forest.'

" Well, my feyther was all struck of a heap, and neither he nor my mither could say enough in praise an' thanksgivin'. So there's my feyther with a donkey and a cart to fetch wood with, set up for the winter intirely. And he has paid off Mike, and can get drunk whenever the fancy takes him, and that's not seldom, for Mike's shebeen house is on the way to the forest, bad luck to it, too convanient entirely to rest in comin' and goin', and



Mike that willin' to take his pay in faggets." Paddy sighed deeply, but Mother Maloney did not share his misgivings.

"Sure, it's a dhrap or two of the crayther will do him no harm entirely," said she. "It's the landlord and the rint that makes all the thrubble in Ireland, and if your feyther has a good landlord and no rint, it's live like a lord he may, for there's more than faggets to be got out of the forest, I'm thinkin'."

As Paddy evidently did not understand her meaning she changed the subject. "The morrow's market day," he said. "A crown's little enough to pay for a pig, but you'll see what your auld grandmither can do for you."

The next morning Paddy was up bright and early, and walked to town with his grandmother. She was not a pleasant-looking old lady in her ordinary indoor costume, which consisted of a frieze petticoat and shortgown, with wild elf locks straying from under the broad ruffles of her soiled cotton cap, and a short clay pipe held firmly between the few teeth that were left her. She was even less attractive in her out-of-door garb—a man's

high hat put on over her cap and fastened under her chin with shoestrings, and a long red woollen cloak. In summer she went barefoot, though she was often seen knitting woollen stockings of variegated hue from bits of yarn which kind-hearted neighbours gave her. She carried a long crooked staff, and looked like a witch, while many people believed that she was one. But to Paddy she was always so tender and kind that he trotted along with his hand in hers quite unconscious that she was not a most aristocratic old lady.

The town presented a lively appearance. A central strip down the principal street was filled with booths and tip-carts, displaying a great variety of merchandise. Two other rows of carts were backed against the sidewalks, and Paddy and his grandmother walked between them admiring the kids, the donkeys, and the sheep grouped for sale. There were pigs, too, galore—pigs in droves, litters of pigs comfortably cradled in small donkey-carts and hand-barrows, and one woman had brought some tiny pink-nosed baby pigs on

her head in a basket. As Paddy paused in front of one of the carts an ancient man in a long-tailed blue coat, small clothes, and gaiters, and a dilapidated tall hat, came up half leading, half driving a self-willed porker by means of a string tied to its hind leg.

“Six eggs to you, you divil,” said the old man, addressing the swine; “six eggs to you, and a half dozen of them bad for the dance ye’ve led me the day. It’s sell you chape, I will, for I’d rather give you away than be bothered to take you home.”

Now, Paddy had determined the moment that he noticed this particular pig that it was the animal for him, and he spoke up joyfully and hopefully, “Sure, I’ll take it off your hands for you, honest man.”

“Thin hand me over ten shillings,” said the man; “an’ he’s dirt chape at that. Just look at the intelligent face on him; he’ll ’arn his own living pickin’ and st’alin’ from the neighbours. He needs no kape at all. There’s no fince that’ll kape him out or in. He’ll jump thim all, root up a half acre or so of praties, take his desart off a dozen cabbages,

and be back in his shty, and him a squ'aling as innercent for his supper as the babe in the cradle."

"Sure, that's a bad reputation entirely," said Mother Maloney. "I don't wonder yeez want to get rid of him. Ye'll not find any one in the market will take him as a gift. He'd be the ruination of his master."

"I'll take him, and thank you kindly," Paddy persisted.

"Sure, you've r'ason," replied the old man, and, addressing Mother Maloney, he explained: "It's truth I'm telling you, that this pig would never touch it's masther's crops, barrin' a first experiment in that direction. Take him three times round the garden, b'ating him in the four quarters of it, and the baste will never offer to threspass on the ragion, but will go right by the most timpling display of inions and curlyflowers, straight for the circumjacent territory of the neighbours. He comes from a knowledgable race of blissed bastes, descindints of a pig belonging to the howly St. Anthony, who was gifted with a moral sinse, and to whom

the saint exposted the difference between meum and tuum."

"It's the soggart he is," Mother Maloney murmured in admiration, and Paddy's eyes glowed with unconquerable desire. "Give me the pig," he exclaimed; "it's just the kind I want to learn him thricks."

"Sartinly, my little gintleman; but first, where is your haner's twelve shillin's?"

"Faith, you said you would give him away," Paddy wailed.

"No, avick, you misunderstood me intirely. Fifteen shillings is the price of this illegant baste, and by the five crosses, I would take no less if I were dying of hunger, for it breaks my heart to part with the darlint; but seein' that it's in the professional line your haner is, and the pig will likely make your reputation and your fortune in the two kingdoms, not speaking of France, Ameriky, Dublin, and other furrin parts, why, I'll not be hinderin' the pig and you from going where glory waits you, and he's yours for a pound—fair and square, and neither more nor less, so don't ye be talkin'."

“Ye ould villain!” exclaimed Mother Maloney; “ye said yerself but just now that the price was tin shillings, which is nine shillings too much, for a thinner, hungrier-looking crayther I never set eyes on. He would beggar a nobleman to fatten him, and as to only foraging on the neighbours, I’ll not believe a word you say. Sure, it’s the lie that slides aisily from your tongue, I’ll be thinkin’. Come along wid yez, Paddy, and we’ll l’ave the auld thafe to drive home his pig come the avenin’.”

Paddy turned reluctantly away. “I’ll give you this for it; it’s all I’ve got,” he said at parting, displaying the crown. The old man made a derisive gesture, and Mother Maloney jerked him angrily along. They approached the booths in the centre of the street, and she stopped in front of a board placed on two barrels, which formed the counter and base of supplies over which Mrs. Finnigan was selling periwinkles and seagrass which she had brought from the west coast. She had no thought of business, but began gossiping with her old crony on the state of the fisher-

ies. "Sure, they're very poor," she said to Mother Maloney, "and all because the fishers didn't open the s'ason accordin' to former custom by taking the praste out with them to bless the catch."

Paddy did not listen to them, but looked back longingly at the pig they had just left. He was young, but had none of the cherubic chubbiness of youth. His legs were long and lean, but cleanly made, the legs of a racer. His head had an impertinent cock, his eyes, though small, were active and had a sly expression, and his saucy snout moved nervously, as though he longed to be grubbing for succulent roots and tubers. He was spotted black and white, the white predominating on his fore quarters and the black on his rear. This circumstance gave strangers a curious surprise when the animal turned around, the effect being as if one pig had mysteriously disappeared and another had been substituted in its place.

Mother Maloney noticed Paddy's longing look and said: "It isn't the likes of that pig you're wanting, vick machree. He will in-

veigle you into more thrubble thin your life is worth. He's no descindant of St. Anthony's pig. Sure, I knows his race. There was a pig as like him as two peas whose acquaintance I had whin I was a child in Tipperary—the demon pig they called him, for he was one of thim bastes into which the divils entered what all ran violently down a stape place and perished in the say."

"But if they were all drowned, grandmother, how could the demon pig have got to Tipperary?"

"My explanation of the matter is that this particular baste might have swam out to some outgoin' st'amer that was just arrivin', and so have taken free steerage passage along with St. Patrick for Ireland."

"Then, I'm sure, grandmother, St. Patrick's as good as St. Anthony any day, and I don't want a fat, lazy thing that will ate till the brains of him turns to fat an' good looks, like a purty guril what knows her vally. I likes the looks of this one, and if he's a demon pig, so much the better. See him wrinkle the nose of him. I'll warrant

yees, he'll undo any latch, and his legs is like a greyhound's; he'd lead the agint a chase if he tried to collect him for the rint, though it's neither agint nor rint to pay that we have, praise be to the blessed saints."

"The boy's clane daft," said Mother Maloney. "It's a case of throe love, I'm thinkin', and we all know that the less rayson there is in that the more persistence. Whist, Paddy, I've it to me, and since it's that pig only ye will have, have it ye will; only don't yees be lookin' at it. Go and listen to the ballad-singer, and purtend ye're out of consate with the baste."

Paddy joined the circle of people that were listening to the blind ballad-singer, but he could not forbear glancing from time to time in the direction of the owner of the pig, and he was glad to see that he found no purchaser.

Late in the afternoon his grandmother called to him to hurry home with her.

"He's gone," she explained, "gone home, his pig a-trottin' afther him like a dog. Don't yees be frettin', his road is our road as far as

the cross-ways, and we'll soon come up with him."

They overtook the man, who looked up hopefully and cunningly as he saw them approach, but Mother Maloney apparently took no notice of the pig, and Paddy walked on whistling as he was told. Mother Maloney had her apron full of periwinkles, which her friend from the seashore had given her, and both Paddy and she munched them as they walked, for they had had no other luncheon. She talked with the owner of the pig on different topics, and he did not notice that as she approached the cross-ways she strewed her periwinkles along the path at intervals, and that the pig ate them greedily. As she left him at the cross-ways, he offered her the pig for ten shillings, but she scornfully declined the proposal, and trudged disdainfully on. The tears gathered in Paddy's eyes, but he hurried away the faster that he might not show his emotion.

Suddenly he heard a galloping and snorting behind him, and turning, saw that the demon pig was following them, while its owner was

panting and shouting far behind. "Whist, Paddy," said Mother Maloney, "look not to the right hand nor to the left." Here she let fall a handful of periwinkles. "Sure, the pig's a darlint, and he's as much in love with you as you with him."

She quickened her pace and pretended not to hear the shouts of the irate man. When he overtook them, and they could no longer feign to be unconscious that the pig had followed them, Mother Maloney ordered him to take his "baste" away, and protested that she would not take him as a gift, at the same time shaking the last periwinkles from her apron and walking resolutely into her cottage.

The swine followed her impudently, and Mother Maloney could be heard scolding and dealing vigorous blows with her broom, but the blows fell harmlessly on her bed, and the pig was supping from a saucer of milk which she had placed for it behind the door. "Come, rid me of the baste," she cried, appearing in the doorway with the broom in her hand. The man hesitated, and turned

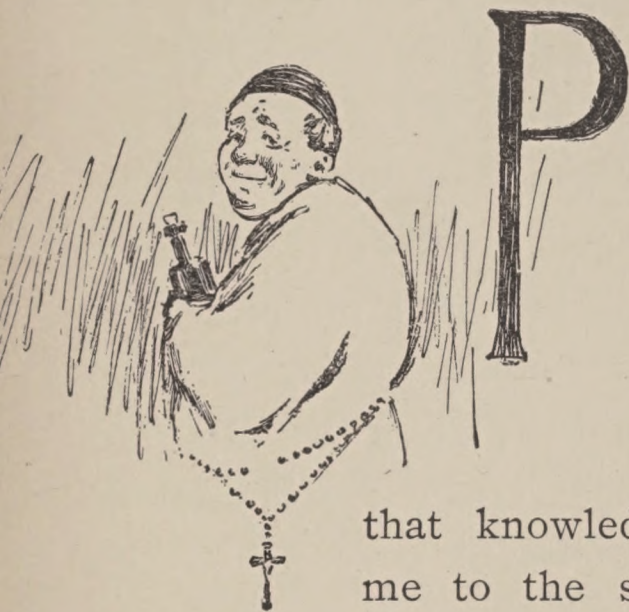
to Paddy. "Give me the crown yees offered me and he's yours."

"Sure, he spent his crown at the market," Mother Maloney shrieked, but she was too late, for Paddy had thrust his coin into the man's hand and rushed overjoyed into the cottage to embrace his demon pig.



CHAPTER III.

AT KILLARNEY.



PADDY was awakened the next morning by the squeals of his pet. "He's crying for hunger," Mother Maloney explained. "He's that knowledgable he follyed me to the shed and watched me at my milking, and now he's rampant, he is, because I won't fade him before ye's has had ye's breakfast."

Paddy quickly divided his porridge and milk with his pig, and then expressed his desire to be off for home. To this Mother Maloney was very loth to consent.

"Sure, it's lonely I'll be without ye's," she pleaded. "Why can't ye's be content to stay here in the place of him that's gone?"

Paddy declared that he could not live away

from his own home, but proposed that his grandmother should return with him, and the old lady, having taken the time of once smoking of her pipe to consider, consented. She did not even delay for a sale of her effects, for there was nothing left in the cabin worth selling. Her provisions were nearly exhausted. She had nothing with which to face the coming winter but the little Kerry cow, and she knew that it would be seized on the next rent day. She therefore laid her only decent coverlet on the floor, and tying what property she had that was worth moving in one great bundle, she carried it with Paddy's help to the cross-roads and waited until the carrier's cart came jingling along, when she begged the transportation of the bundle to Killarney, asserting that the expressage would be paid by her son.

This done she returned to the cabin, and tying a string to one of the hind legs of the pig, and a rope about the neck of the cow, she bade farewell to the poor cabin which had served her so long as a home.

Paddy had great difficulty in inducing his pig to move forward until he followed his grandmother's advice to pull the animal by the tail. "For thin," said she, "he'll be that certain that it's to Castleisland yeess want him to go, that he'll be off like mad in the conthrary direction."

Mother Maloney's son-in-law was not over-rejoiced when he learned that she had come to visit him for the winter; but hospitality is a marked trait of the Irish peasant, however poor, and Dennis would have scorned to refuse shelter to his wife's mother. He reflected also that the little Kerry cow was a very desirable addition to their live stock, and its milk a fair return for Mother Maloney's board.

For a time things apparently went well with the family. To have their rent free, and all their wood for the gathering, was sufficient wages for Dennis's light duties as game-keeper. Many a hare and a pheasant, too, came back from the forest in his donkey-cart hidden under the fagots, and as this contraband game was accepted at the shebeen house

instead of money, Dennis drank more and more, and took no pains to cultivate his potato plot, or indeed to do any kind of work.

It was of no use to dig the potatoes, for it was in 1846, the first year of the great famine; the blight had fallen on the plant, and they were not too fit to eat. Many of their neighbours were suffering, but as yet the O'Leareys were not in distress, and all hoped for better times the coming year.

The Desmonds had left the country, and the great Hall was vacant. The ivy did its best to cover the stately old building and hide the disrepair. Squire Desmond was wont to say that there were only two things about the building which were not falling to pieces—the ivy and the mortgages.

Financial and other troubles had soured the Squire. Though an off-shoot of a noble family, and the heir to many broad acres, he was land-poor and disappointed in all his ambitions. It pained him to see the ruin staring him in the face, not only on his own estates, but throughout the country, and he decided that he would leave Ireland.

“I will rent the estate,” he said to himself, “for the rest of my life, and live henceforth on the continent.”

Paddy went up to the Hall, the day before the Desmonds left, to bid Miss Kathleen good-bye, and to show her the pig which he had bought with her gift.

Kathleen was much pleased with the bright, frisky little animal, and Paddy promised to have it finely instructed by her return. “Sure, he’ll know Latin and dancin’ by that time, Miss Kathleen. I’ll take him with me to the hedge school and to mass, and ye’ll not be ashamed to own him as a relation.”

“He is a jolly, saucy little fellow, at any rate,” said Kathleen; “he will probably be changed when I see him again. I am going to make a picture of him as he looks now.”

While Paddy held the cord, Kathleen made a few characteristic lines, which really gave something of the spirit of the pig, supplementing the drawing with a couplet to remind her still further of her pet.

“ This is the pig who, nose in air,
And small tail crisply curled,
When all the future seemed most fair,
Set out to see the world——”

“ But, Paddy,” she added, “ he ought to have a famous name. Have you decided what to call him? ”

“ No, miss. I'd rather you'd have the namin' of him, if you'd be so kind.”

“ Then we will call him Finn ma Cool.”

“ Was he an Irishman, miss? ”

“ Yes, Paddy, Irish of the Irish, the leader of the Feni, a warlike tribe who lived centuries before St. Patrick. Finn was a great hero, but he was imprisoned by enchantment one day when he went hunting in the forest of the quicken trees, a kind of mountain ash, that as quickly as they were cut down shot up saplings which wove their branches together and kept him in. Beware of mountain ashes, Paddy, or you and Finn may come to grief.”

“ And if he never came out of his thrap, how did folks know of it, to be sure? ”

“ One of his followers, a poet named Oisin, went away to England on the day that Finn



went hunting. He went to court a beautiful lady who was a witch, and she did not wish him to leave her, so she enchanted him, and he stayed with her, as he supposed, three years, but really it was three hundred. Finally he insisted on going back to find Finn, and when he reached Ireland he found that all the Feni were dead and people had forgotten all about them, for it was three hundred years since Finn had gone hunting in the forest of the quicken trees. But Oisín searched for him and found that the forest itself had died and grown black like bog oak, but still, closely braided together, it shut in the bones of Finn. Then Oisín went to St. Patrick and told him all this story."

"Sure, it's a wonderful story intirely, but if St. Patrick said it was thrue I'll not disbelieve it, and will name the pig Finn ma Cool; but by the same token, be you gone one year or three, Miss Kathleen, it'll seem three hundred to me till I hear your foine stories and your swate singing again. Won't you sing me one little song before you go, Miss Kathleen?"

“Certainly, Paddy. Come into the house and I will sing you my favourite one, ‘Rich and Rare.’”

The girl made a beautiful picture as she stood by the old Irish harp, and Paddy, who sat in the window where he could hold the pig by its tether, had eyes only for her, and allowed Finn ma Cool to grub up a whole bed of tulips while she sang.

He never forgot the singer or the words of the ballad.

“Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.
‘Lady, dost thou not fear to stray
So lonely and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?’
‘Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm,
For though they love beauty and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more.’
On she went, and her maiden smile,
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle,
And blessed for ever was she who relied
Upon Erin’s honour and Erin’s pride.”

There were hard times in store for the O’Leareys, when the handsome porker would

have realised a comfortable sum at the county market, or have made delectable flitches of bacon for the almost starving family, but Paddy always insisted that Finn ma Cool was Miss Kathleen's pig, not given him, but simply entrusted to his care, and very honourably he fulfilled his trust.

He began at once with Finn's education, teaching him first the tricks which he had seen done by the performing pig at the fair.

Father Nooney was instructing a class of young catechumens preparatory to confirmation, and as Paddy went on every Friday to the priest's house to recite his catechism, he took Finn with him, striving as they walked to teach the animal the catechism, and indeed Finn was nearly as intelligent as some of the boys into whose heads the reverend father attempted to beat the answers to the questions.

Mother Maloney possessed a very ancient and dirty pack of cards, with which it was her wont to while away the long evenings by playing solitaire. Paddy used to watch her as he sat on the creepy-stool in the opposite

corner of the ingle, with his chin in his hand and his elbow on his knee, and one evening his grandmother, tired of arranging and rearranging the cards on the hearth-stone, offered to teach him to play the venerable game of "blind-hookey," placing the creepy-stool between them as a table. Paddy had a head for cards, and Mother Maloney frequently invited him to play with her. So one day Paddy prevailed upon her to allow him to bring Finn ma Cool into the cabin and teach him the game. This he did by spreading the cards in front of the pig, and when it was his turn to play, deftly slipping a shelled acorn under the proper card. Finn would make a dash forward, push the card toward them with his snout and devour the acorn beneath it. This, it will be seen, was only an adaptation of the trick of the swinging disks performed at the fair. Paddy had gained considerable manual dexterity, and continued to introduce the acorn so adroitly as not to be discovered by Mother Maloney, whose eyes were no longer so sharp as her tongue.

This simple device was varied in a hundred ways, and served as the basis of teaching the pig the catechism. Paddy practised this feat on the mud floor of the vestry, while waiting Father Nooney's arrival, to the gaping wonder of his fellow-catechumens. His custom was to spread a suit of cards before Finn and then ask one of the questions having a numerical answer, as, "How many sacraments are there?"

Instantly the pig turned the seven-spot, while Rory O'Flannagan repeated: "Baptism, conflagration, ewcharist, pennies, extreme onions, howly order, and matrimony. He's right, the crather."

"How may sins cry to Heaven for vengeance?"

Over went the four-spot.

"Nay," said Phelim Malloy, "there's but three: wilful murder, the sin of Sodom, and oppression of the poor."

"Sure, you've forgotten defrauding labourers of their wages, and that's worst of all. Sure, the baste knows more than you do, Phelim. Try him again."

“Thin how many mysteries of the rosary are there?” asked Phelim, with a sly look. “He can’t answer that, for there are fifteen, and yees haven’t a card with fifteen spots to it.”

“Can’t he answer them?” Paddy replied derisively, as he laid down two more cards, and Finn turned three fives in succession. “There’s the foive of hearts, that’s the foive joyful mysteries; and the foive of spades, thim’s the foive sorrowful mysteries; and the foive of diamonds, thim’s the foive glawrious mysteries!”

In like manner the pig turned the four tens to tell the number of days in Lent, the ten of clubs to represent the Commandments, the three of hearts for the theological virtues, the eight of diamonds for the beatitudes, the four and ten of clubs for the fourteen stations of the cross.

The boys were so interested that they had not noticed the coming of the priest, who stole silently into the vestry and observed the performance, at first with amusement, and at last with superstitious dread, being

convinced that the pig was possessed by the evil one.

Father Nooney was something of an exorcist, having practiced with great success on several old women afflicted with imaginary disorders. He seized the holy-water can and was about to empty the contents on the pig when a sudden thought struck him. He left the room as silently as he had entered, and betaking himself to the kitchen of his own house, filled the can with boiling water from the tea-kettle. Then returning, just as Finn's exercise had ended, he ordered Paddy sternly to hold the beast while he put him through a few more questions from the catechism. Paddy trembled, for there was malice in Father Nooney's eye as he asked:

“Have the holy fathers and the ancient church writers left upon record any miracles done by holy water?”

The pig was silent, and Paddy replied: “Plaze, sor, he can only answer by the configuration of the cards.”

“Ow! Thin answer yersel’.”

“Plaze, sor, they have, agin magical enchantments and the power of the divil.”

“Right you are. See St. Epiphanius, St. Hierome, Theodeus, Palladius, and the Historicus Ecclesiasticus. Now, all you repate in consart ‘Oxis doxis glorioxis!’” and Father Nooney threw the false holy water, can and all, at Finn ma Cool. But Paddy, perceiving his intention, had let go the tether, and his pet escaped with only a sprinkle of the scalding fluid, which descended more liberally on his own bare feet.

From that time hatred and distrust of his spiritual instructor took firm root in Paddy’s soul, and he looked for an opportunity to pay him back. His revenge came at last and will be related presently.

In the meantime, Finn, though under the ban of the Church, attended every wedding and wake in Killarney, and never failed to create great amusement, and to gather in a few pennies for Paddy.

He presently developed a new talent, which commended itself to Dennis as well. When-

ever Paddy went to the forest to assist his father in gathering wood he took Finn with him, and Paddy taught the pig to fetch and carry sticks. One day he brought a young hare back and laid it at Paddy's feet. Paddy raised his arm to beat Finn, but his father stopped him. The incident convinced Dennis that Finn could be taught to hunt like a sporting-dog. He knew that his son would not be a party to such a proceeding, and after this he left him at home, but took Finn with him.

Finn grew to enjoy this very much and would squeal with impatience to be taken on the excursions. He would trot around to the different traps and snares which Dennis had laid, sometimes showing great intelligence in springing them, and would come galloping back to his master's cart with the pheasant or hare in his mouth. He even learned to point and course the game, never offering to devour it himself. His keeping cost very little, for he made his living chiefly, indeed, from other people's gardens, as had been predicted, never touching anything that

grew in the O'Leareys' plot. His peculiar marking, white spotted with black from nose to middle, and black spotted with white from middle to tail, had given rise to many amusing experiences and had once saved him from the just reward of his depredations; an adventure which happened in this wise: The gardener at the great house, as Desmond Hall was called, happening to look into his celery trench, was "consternated" to find all the crisp sprouts eaten off or broken. Looking up, he saw the evident perpetrator of this mischief—a pig worming its way through the hedge. He hastily followed it, "a stern chase proving a long chase," and the pig soon disappearing in a gully which led toward the gamekeeper's cottage.

The irate gardener presented himself shortly at the door, calling for vengeance on a *black* pig which had destroyed his celery.

Paddy was dismayed, but a look of cunning showed itself on Mother Maloney's shrewd features:

"Sure, we've but the one pig here, and

him slaping as innercent as the babe in its stoy." And she led the gardener triumphantly to the rear of the cabin, and showed him Finn reposing peacefully, half in and half out of the keg which served him as a sort of kennel.

There was surely something uncanny about the creature; he lay with his chin on one fore hoof, his saucy pink snout turned up, one eye sleepily closed, the other regarding the company with an expression of conscious innocence all unafraid. "It's the blessed lamb he is," said Mother Maloney, and, save for a few inky spots, all that was visible of the pig was of a lamb-like whiteness. He was utterly unlike the impish black pig which the gardener had seen squirming in the hedge and scurrying before him down the hill, and baffled and deluded, the man reluctantly took his leave.

It was some little time after this that Paddy conceived the idea of utilising this physical peculiarity still further. He asked his granny to make Finn a little coat of black cloth and a petticoat from an old white silk

handkerchief. Paddy had taught the animal to stand erect, and when clothed in the black coat, the trim black legs continued the "colour scheme," and gave him the appearance of a natty little gentleman. As the coat was cut low in the front, the white throat of the pig carried out the idea of a shirt-front, and in this guise, resting one hoof on a walking-stick, and wearing a cocked hat, Finn posed as a beau. Snatched behind the door, the coat was removed, the white silk petticoat took its place, a bit of white net, such as the Killarney girls used as the web of their lace, was thrown over Finn's head and shoulders, which gleamed white through its meshes, and he was introduced as a bride, and it was difficult, indeed, to believe that one actor had taken both parts.

Sometimes when his rustic audience applauded the really clever performances of his pupil, Paddy longed for wider appreciation, and he thought how fine it would be to trudge away to larger towns and exhibit his pet at the great fairs; but he had a strong home attachment, and he loved his mother so

dearly that only a desperate crisis could induce him to such a step as this.

Very steadily and swiftly that crisis was approaching.



CHAPTER IV.

IN HIDING.



ALTHOUGH the potato crop had failed during the past season, and was likely to do so again, and Dennis

drank more and worked not a whit, the family were hopeful, for they relied for the coming winter on the perquisites which they had enjoyed from Dennis's office as gamekeeper.

Much to their disappointment and dismay this means of a livelihood was suddenly cut off from the O'Leareys. The tenant who rented Squire Desmond's place had no knowledge of the verbal contract between the Squire and his gamekeeper, and even refused to believe that Dennis had been called to that office. The Squire, in the multiplicity of his cares, had forgotten to mention it, and the new tenant insisted that Dennis should pay

rent for his cottage, and should forego the privilege of gathering wood in the forest. He even hinted of his intention to prosecute him for poaching.

Dennis protested his inability to pay rent, but the tenant pointed to his live stock. "You have a donkey, a cow, and a pig, and can raise money on them, and if the rent is not ready for me when I come again I will seize the live stock."

"The curse of Jeffrey Lynch be on you" cried Mother Maloney, "and may you carry his coal of fire in your bosom to the end of your days."

The entire family united in lamentation and malediction that evening, but the next morning, being market-day at Ballymagooley, Dennis led the cow away, announcing his intention to sell it. The little animal seemed to understand the situation, for it struggled and lowed, while the children followed in a weeping procession for quite a distance, the cottagers coming out of their houses to give their opinion of the hard-hearted landlord.

Paddy came back to the house when quite tired and found his grandmother crouched in the chimney corner. He fancied that she must be overcome with grief, for she had manifested an amount of self-control quite foreign to her nature when the cow was led away.

"It is too bad, Granny," he said, putting his hand in hers. "The new landlord has no right to take Mooley, for she does not belong to feyther, but to you, and feyther has no right to sell her from you."

"Don't be afther judging your betthers," said Mother Maloney. "What your feyther's done he's done with my consint; but the landlord will niver resave a pinny from the sale of the cow. May he sup sorrow for this day, and may the coal of Jeffrey Lynch burn into his heart and his brain."

"What is the coal of Jeffrey Lynch, Granny?" Paddy asked.

"And you not to know, who have lived in sight of his house since yees been born!"

"Do you mean the house without a roof, on Purple Mountain, that everybody says is

haunted? I've seen every windy of that house lighted up in the avenin', and once feyther said, 'Jeffrey Lynch's coal of fire is flaming high the night, and by the same token some poor people are being evicted from their homes without marcy.' Whin I axed him what Jeffrey Lynch's coal was he said it was a Satan's keepsake that the divil gives every bad man in this life as a foretaste of what's to come. But thin I don't understand him at all, at all; for they say Jeffrey Lynch is long dead; any way, I've seen his tombstone in the burying-ground."

"Have you niver heard the story?" asked Mother Maloney. "It goes this way. Jeffrey Lynch was a middleman. He rinted land of the earl, and thin he rinted it again on a profit to the poor farmers; and if they were the laste pinny behind he evicted them ivery time, though he supped sorrow for it there-after."

"Well, he died, sure, and though he was a bad, cruel man intirely, and must have known he had no right in the primises, it was the like insurance that was in him to take stage-coach

for heaven, as though he had a billet signed by the pope giving the angels orders for his lodging and entertainment. Whin he knocked at the gate, says St. Peter, says he, 'Who's there?'

" 'I'm Jeffrey Lynch of Killarney.'

" 'I know you,' says Peter, 'you murderin', rack-rintin' ould vagabond. You evicted your tinants; you must seek your lodgings further down,' says he.

" 'So he takes the back stairs to Purgatory, and at the doore, thim that runs that boardin'-house axed him what his business had been.

" 'I was a land-grabber,' says Jeffrey. 'Sure, I niver thought to put up with the likes of such company as this, but as it's go funder to fare worse, if you make me comfortable and give me the best of iverything you've got, I'll condescind to patronise this establishment.'

" 'Did you evict your tinants?' says the landlord of Purgatory.

" 'I evicted some,' says Jeffrey.

" 'Thin consider yourself evicted,' says the landlord, a-handin' back his gripsack, heavy

with the earnin's of starving people, and Jeffrey Lynch, he went a round lower of the ladder.

“ ‘This way, sor,’ says the ould boy, a-takin’ down the key of number two hundred million from the hook and reaching for Jeffrey’s overcoat. ‘That’s a basement room,’ says he, ‘convenient to the furnace. You’ll not complain of slapin’ cold,’ says he. ‘But first have the politeness to inscribe your name on the hotel register.’

“ ‘I’m Jeffrey Lynch, of Killarney,’ says Jeffrey; but so soon as he uttered his name all of the evil spirits in the siminary raised one yell. ‘Give him a coal of fire and sind him back to Killarney,’ screams they, ‘or he’ll evict us all.’

“ So back he was obliged to trot. And that is the r’ason that he lives in his house alone on Purple Mountain to this day, though the thatch has been gone this fifty year from the roof, and the moss has kivered his name on the tombstone. Many a night honest folk belated see that bit coal that Satan gave him, and that same Satan’s keepsake is re-

morse, mind you that, Paddy; they see that coal, I say, shining red in his windy, a warning to hard landlords who have any desire to live in another country than this after they die."

"And won't feyther get a Satan's keepsake, too, for st'aling Squire Desmond's pheasants?" Paddy asked.

"Hoot, toot!" replied his grandmother, who did not relish this application of her parable. "Sure, there couldn't be coals enough in the pit to go round, if Satan wasted them by giving them away for a little thing like that."

When Dennis came home that evening there was a whispered conference between his mother-in-law, his wife and himself, and all seemed well pleased, though there was a pretence at sniffing.

"And how much did yees get for the cow?" Paddy asked.

"Don't yees be afther asking onconvanient questions," Mother Maloney exclaimed. "Whin the landlord comes and asks that same ye'll be glad yees can't answer."

The younger children cried that night because Paddy told them there would be no milk for their porridge at breakfast, but what was their surprise on rising to see a pail of milk standing on the table as usual.

“It’s the kindness of one of the neighbours,” said Dennis, and Paddy wondered who had been so generous. The wonder grew, for the milk was there every morning. Late one night as Paddy lay in the little loft over the kitchen, which was his bedroom, he heard some one open the door and enter the kitchen stealthily. He slipped from his bed and applied his eye to a crack in the floor, and saw his father with the pail of milk in one hand and a lighted lantern in the other.

It was plain that Dennis went for the milk secretly, and a suspicion smote the boy that it was stolen. He had never eaten of the broiled pheasants and hares which his father brought from the park, and now he could not touch the milk. At first he had scruples about allowing Finn ma Cool to drink it, but concluded that as the animal had no soul he could not be depraved by it, and as both pig

and milk belonged to the Desmonds, it might not be wrong for them to travel in company. But he was troubled for his father, both for the sin and the danger; for it was a very daring thing to slip into Squire Desmond's barns and milk the cows by night, and Paddy knew that if his father were discovered, the new landlord would not condone the offence.

He could only protest by declining the milk at breakfast, and eating his porridge with only salt to make it palatable.

But there was more trouble in store for Paddy. Rent day was approaching, and he overheard his father say to his mother that the landlord would probably seize Paddy's pig. "And I shan't hinder him," Dennis asserted, "for I happened to be walking with Finn outside the park, and the crayther squeezed himself through the hedge and caught a fine rabbit and brought it outside to me, which was all very well, and knowledgable in the baste, and he's done that same befoore. But bad luck would have it that the gardener saw him do it, and though he couldn't arrest me for poaching, for I was not

on the preserves at all, at all; he would have it that I had taught the pig the thrick, and he said he would shoot him the next time he caught him. So it's fearful I am the baste can't be broken of its bad habits. It must be the ould innemy taught him; and if he's shot, sure we won't be allowed the 'atin' of him; and it's just as well not to anger thim that has authority. We don't want to be evicted like the O'Donovans, and we can spare the pig better than the donkey, and sure, if he gets the pig, maybe he'll be asking no questions about the cow."

The landlord have Finn ma Cool! Paddy could scarcely believe his ears, for Finn was not his pig, but Miss Kathleen's; surely his mother would say so. But no, for she only replied that perhaps it would be better to let the donkey go and kill the pig and salt him down for the winter.

Kill Finn ma Cool! Eat Finn ma Cool! The very idea made Paddy quite sick. There was only one sympathetic friend to whom he could go in his distress, and that was his grandmother.

“Hide the crayther until after rint day,” she counselled. “Your mither’s right; the pig is worth more than the donkey, for not a stiver of work does Dinny do with the crayther, and it’s many a penny you’ve brought in on fair days and from weddings, from the divartisement of your pig, to say nothin’ of its poachin’, which might be restrained in proper limits.”

The more Paddy thought over his grandmother’s advice the more reasonable it seemed to him, and that very night, an hour after all the family had retired, he slipped down from his loft, took Finn ma Cool from his sty, and started with him up the side of Purple Mountain. For Paddy had decided that the safest hiding-place for his pig would be the haunted house of Jeffrey Lynch. No one in Killarney, he felt sure, would be so foolhardy as to dare to explore it, and his own heart beat rather faster than usual at the idea of venturing into that ill-omened place by night.

It was true that he had made up his mind to the very rational conclusion that the red light in the windows, or rather on them,

which was visible nearly every evening, was only the reflection of the sunset; but the story *might* be true, after all. The windows were quite dark now, and if there had not been moonlight Paddy would not have been able to distinguish the house on the sombre hill or find his way along the thickly wooded path. But he had often been out much later than this on his way home from wakes and merry-makings, and he whistled "The Devil's Dream" to keep up his spirits. He thought of the legend of the quicken trees as he pushed his way through the thicket which surrounded the house, and his blood ran cold as he came out in front of the deserted house to see that the windows were really lighted from within, and the light shone through the naked rafters and outlined them like gallows trees against the sky. The light was not stationary, but moved about within the house, and Paddy would certainly have beaten a precipitate retreat had not Finn ma Cool walked coolly up to the front door, where he stood squealing for admittance.

"It's hoping I am that Jeffrey Lynch has

bad eyesight in his ears," said Paddy to himself, as he approached cautiously and endeavoured to secure his pig. As he did so a pair of horns and a great dark head suddenly raised themselves before the lighted window, and Paddy stood rooted to the ground with horror, thinking that Satan himself must have come to visit his faithful servant, Jeffrey Lynch. Another instant and what was his amazement to see his own father within the haunted house. Paddy had never had a high respect for his father, but he had never believed him so wicked as to keep company with Jeffrey Lynch and Satan.

His mystification lasted but for a moment, when his father's voice, exclaiming: "So, Mooley. Whist! be aisy now. What ails the baste?" and a well-known low, explained it all. His father had only pretended to sell the little Kerry cow, and had hidden her away here to keep her from the landlord's clutches. At first, Paddy could hardly forbear laughing aloud and shouting: "There's two of us, feyther. Faix, we're in the same box!"



But it occurred to him in good time that while his father was hiding the cow from the landlord, he, Paddy, was attempting to hide the pig from his father. He therefore prudently retired into the thicket with Finn ma Cool, taking his jacket off and fitting its one sleeve closely over his pet's snout to keep him from grunting. He waited until he saw his father's lantern twinkling down the steep path, and then he entered the cabin, glad at heart for several reasons: First, his father had not stolen the milk which they had every morning for breakfast; second, dear old Mooley had not been sold; and third, which was no small consideration after their insufficient supper, he could now refresh himself and the pig with a drink of milk, which he did by milking a fine stream into his own mouth and then into Finn ma Cool's.

But it would not do to hide his pig here. He dared not leave him even for the night, for there was no telling when his father might return. The only other hiding-place which he could think of was Muchcross Abbey. It

was a long way to this beautiful ruin around the lake, but Paddy had no sense of weariness, now his heart was so light, and he trudged bravely on, repeating to himself an odd paraphrase of the ballad which Kathleen Desmond had sung for him :

“ Finn ma Cool, I feel not the laste alarrum ;
No son of Erin will offer us harrum.
For though they love pork and bacon galore—
Whist, Finn ! they love hanner and vartue more.”

Although Muchross Abbey is situated in the middle of a burial-ground, and contains many tombs, Paddy was not afraid to venture there—in the first place, because the people there were so very dead that it was hardly conceivable that their ghosts could walk. No one had been buried there within the recollection of any living man. No one lived who felt any grief for, or had even known, the occupants of those tombs. It was a show place and resort for tourists, even at this time, though they came less frequently then than at the present day.

It was a favourite spot of Kathleen's, and Paddy had often been there with her. She

had shown him the tablet to the memory of her great-great-grandmother, Geraldine Desmond. It was a strange bit of vanity, flaunting as it did the paltry honours of this life at the door of death, but Paddy was too simple-minded to notice any incongruity and always read it with great respect.

This was what the tablet said:

“A memorial of the trulie vertuous and religious Geraldine Desmond late of Killarney, lineally descended on her father’s side from the anncient and worshipfull family of MacCarthy More of Kerry & on her mothers from the ONeils of Ulster. This Geraldine was the wife of Hugh Desmond who was cozin thrice removed of that Earl of Desmond who was basely betrayed & slain his head sent to London, and his estates confiscated, but this Hugh being Secretary to the Lord Deputy managed better with both his head and his estates, & laid the former to rest in peace under the next tomb and left the latter to his lodge, whose fervent zeale to the Gospel her pietie, sanctitie and charitie, both the church which she endowed, and the poor whom she maintained, can sufficiently testifie. Aged upon LXXX years she died.

“No better thought than think on God
And daily him to serve
No better gift than to the poor
Who ready are to sterve.”

Paddy led his charge through the beautiful ruined abbey church. The moonlight shone through the shattered Gothic arches and the

night wind gently moved the trailing ivy. This jewel-box, among abbeys, is beautiful in the sunshine, but—

“ When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower ;
When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;
Then home returning soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair.”

From the church Paddy passed to the cloisters around the yew tree, old even then, and mounted a narrow, winding stair to the abbot's room. The roof was open to the sky, but there was an odd little niche in one corner which might once have been a shrine or a secret closet where the abbey silver was kept. Paddy had filled his arms with straw as he passed a farmer's rick, and in the niche in the abbot's room Paddy made the pig a comfortable bed. Finn was not inclined to stay in it, so Paddy descended again to the church, and bringing up a small tombstone barred his friend in. Finn thrust his nose through the aperture between the tombstone

and the lintel and squealed with indignation as Paddy left him, but the boy bade him not to make a "screech owl" of himself and hurried away.

It was almost morning when Paddy reached home, and it seemed to him that he had not fallen asleep before he heard his mother calling:

"Get up, Paddy, Finn ma Cool has run away, or else the darlint's been stolen."

"Run away! And how could the crayther do that, when I barred him in with a tombstone?" Paddy asked, sleepily.

"With a tombstone! Sure, it's dreaming you are. Come down to your breakfast, and then hunt him up, that's a darlint."

Paddy came down and surprised his mother by drinking a large portion of the milk which he had lately seemed to dislike. After breakfast he carried a bowlful of the milk away with him, saying that he would tote Finn home with it; but it is needless to say that he came back without the pig. He found the family in tears, for the landlord had just carried away the donkey.

"Sure, the crayther's no good, now that we can't take him to the forest to carry the fagots home," said Paddy.

"Ow," wailed Paddy's mother, "if himsel' were only at the Hall he would not have his own people treated so, but we've no one to send to Lunnon to tell Squire Desmond how we're mistreated."

Paddy mused sadly. It was long past the time that Kathleen Desmond had promised to return. Would he be able to keep Finn ma Cool until her return? Would she ever come? He determined to ask that afternoon at the Hall when the family were expected. But here again he received no comfort. The housekeeper told him that the present landlord had leased the estate for seven years, but she gave Paddy Miss Kathleen's address, a convent in France. No one at home could write a letter, and the only person whom Paddy knew who possessed skill enough to do it was Father Nooney, with whom he was not now on good terms. That very afternoon while Paddy was at the Hall a further cause of estrangement had arisen.

A superstitious woman had visited Father Nooney and had informed him that she had heard a ghostly priest chanting a midnight mass in Muchcross Abbey.

Under seal of confession the woman further divulged that, driven by extreme poverty, she had gone to the abbey at night for the purpose of prying some of the brazen tablets from the walls and selling them for old brass.

While engaged in this wrongful deed the blows of her hammer woke dreadful echoes through the ruined abbey, and not echoes alone, for presently she heard the sound of chanting, as though the dead-and-gone monks were on their way from the cloisters to their seats in the choir. She fled panic-stricken, but returned after a time, and on seeing the spot still deserted, concluded that the sounds which she thought she had heard were only the imaginings of a guilty conscience; but at the very first blow they began again with redoubled vigour.

The occasion was too suggestive to be neglected. Father Nooney enjoined on the

woman, for the good of her own soul and the glory of the Church, to make public confession on the next Sunday, when he also announced that he would hold a "station" at Muchcross Abbey on the following Friday, confessing all those in the parish who had like sins upon their minds, receiving their offerings and saying a mass for the rest of the troubled spirits in the cloister.

Father Nooney, to tell the truth, did not believe in these spirits. He cared so little as to what it was which the woman had heard or thought she heard that he did not even visit the abbey to investigate before the day appointed for the station. If Paddy had attended church he would have been warned, and would have removed Finn from his place of hiding; but since the day that holy water had been administered boiling he had shunned the sanctuary.

Mrs. O'Learey reported on her return from church that Father Nooney had announced that he would hold a "station," but she neglected to mention the place appointed, and Paddy gave the matter no attention.

On Friday Father Nooney proceeded to the abbey a little ahead of time, accompanied by his catechumens, who were to act as choir-boys. They carried an altar-cloth, some candles and candlesticks, two china vases filled with dingy paper flowers, and a few other ecclesiastical furbishings, and with these he proceeded to improvise an altar from a large tomb. Then he gave his choir their places and explained to them their parts, not without some grumbling on their part, for Phelim Malloy, their very best singer, was absent.

Now, Father Nooney had artfully told Phelim to hide at the other end of the cloister in the abbot's room, and when he heard the singing in the chapel to roar out responses in his very loudest tones.

Phelim was an orphan whom Father Nooney was educating for the priesthood, and the wily priest felt that he could rely upon his confederacy in the plot. But Father Nooney had not reckoned on any real presence in the haunted chamber, and hardly had the chanting begun when Phelim, with terror

staring from his countenance, rushed into the chapel exclaiming: "A ghost! a ghost! There is a ghost in the abbot's chamber." The congregation sprang to their feet, and although it was broad daylight, the greater part tumbled over each other in their haste to leave the abbey. But there were others braver or more incredulous than the rest who remained and surrounded Father Nooney while he questioned the trembling boy.

"Faith, I wint up to the abbot's chamber, as you tould me, sor——"

"Whist, Phelim, make no circumlocutions from the truth. Bein' naturally of a pryin' disposition, yees was explorin' and spyin' about this religious house, when yees chanced into the abbot's chamber, and what happened thin?"

"Why, I stood by the windy, sor, that looks down on the cloister, and when the boys began to sing, I begins, just as you tould me, sor, whin from a sort of cupboard in the wall there came sich cries and groans as would have broken the courage of a gauger, sor."

"And yeez turned tail and run simply

from the wind a-blowin' down a chimbly, ye cowardly spalpeen——”

“Save your riverence, I did nothing of the kind, sor. I stood transfigured to the spot, with the eyes of me bustin' out of me head; but they could see all the better for that. And through a big chink in the wall I sees a white face, with rid eyes gl'amin' like to coals of fire, and thin I knew it was the ould boy himself, and I came straight to you, sor.”

“Belikes it's some poor crayther that's been walled up alive,” said one of the listeners. “Let's go up and pull the wall down.”

The timid runaways were now gaining confidence and returning, and Father Nooney, well pleased with the turn affairs were taking, made haste to take up a collection, and then marshalled his congregation in procession, while he took the head and led the way to lay the ghost. Not a sound was heard as they threaded the cloister except their own footfalls and excited breathing. The little staircase was tortuous and so nar-

row that only one could mount it at a time, so that when Father Nooney entered the abbot's chamber the rear of the procession had only just left the abbey chapel. The priest still believed that the noises heard by the woman and by Phelim were made by the wind or by rooks cawing in the chimney, and he entered the room, exclaiming boldly: "Unhappy spirit or guilty demon, I command you, in the name of all the saints, leave this holy house in peace."

He was positive that nothing would be discovered, and that his fame as an exorcist would spread far and near; but Phelim, emboldened by the presence of the priest, and desirous of proving his assertions, crowded by Father Nooney, and seizing the tombstone, forcibly overturned it.

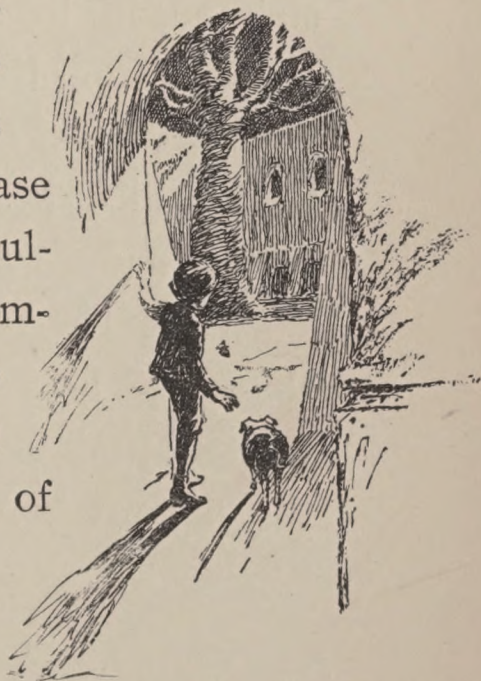
It fell with a crash on the stone flagging and the liberated pig dashed jubilant from his imprisonment, overturning the priest, and scrambling down the staircase over the heads of the kneeling penitents and between the legs of the marching ones. Shrieks of fright were gradually merged into shouts of

laughter as the real character of the apparition was recognised.

The younger men and boys set out in a wild chase through the abbey burying-ground after Finn, but he dodged and doubled and outran them with the wiliness and agility of a fox which has eluded the hunters for several seasons, and an hour later appeared at the O'Learey cottage squealing loudly for his supper.

Father Nooney was now doubly an enemy. He felt that he had been made the laughing-stock of the parish, and he determined to wreak vengeance on Paddy and on his pig.

He visited the family and upbraided them in such scorching terms that both Dennis and his wife withered before the fire of his anger. Nothing would appease it but the surrender of the culprit, and threatened with excommunication, Dennis tied a rope around the pig's neck and placed its end in the hand of the priest.



CHAPTER V.

THE FLIGHT.



WHEN Paddy learned the events of the day he was filled with despair. His beloved Finnma Cool in the possession of Father Nooney, perhaps already slaughtered for the priestly table!

“May the sausages choke him!” Paddy exclaimed, in his grief. “May he never sup comfort from that meat. To think of his elegant little feet and ears made into souse for that ould hypocrite! I cannot endure it! I cannot endure it!”

“Sure, it’s meself is of the bye’s way of thinkin’,” said Dennis. “Whin I think of the salt-pork barrel empty in the cellar, and the elegant bacon the crayther would have

made, not mentionin' the two hams which we might have sold, and the chine and the spare ribs, and the sage hanging there over the chimney ready for the roast pork."

Mother Maloney groaned aloud, but Paddy burst into a louder wail. "You're all alike, you're all ag'inst him, thirstin' for the blood of me darlint, and he's not mine nuther; he's Miss Kathleen's. Ow! yees had no right to gin him to Father Nooney."

Paddy's mother was silent, but her sympathies were with her son. She lay awake long into the night, while her husband snored at her side, and when she heard the rafters creaking, and stealthy footsteps overhead, her mother's heart divined that Paddy was preparing to rescue his pig. She stole from her bed and dressed herself as silently, and when Paddy slid down the sloping roof of the back shed and dropped to the ground he met his mother standing by the gate wrapped in a coarse frieze cloak."

"Yees be goin' for the pig?" she asked.

"Yes, mother, if it's not too late."

"But yees can't kape it here. Father

Nooney, let alone the agint, and the gardener at the great house, and your feyther, are all set on having the life of the crayther, and I mistrust hunger will drive even you to it, ma bouchal, before long."

"Never, mother, and if I can't be thrue to the thrust Miss Kathleen left me, why I'll just be off with me and take the pig to her. Don't hinder me mother; the crayther and I can perfarm on the way, and it's good luck I'll bring back with me when I come."

"It's right you are, I'm thinking," said Mrs. O'Learey; "for sure there'll no good luck find you here. Get the pig and I'll meet you at the crossroads with a few little things and give you my blessing on your way."

To Paddy's delight he found that Finn had not been butchered, but was confined in the priest's kitchen. For Father Nooney, fearful of an attempt at rescue, had not dared to leave the animal in the sty outside the house.

Paddy cautiously tried both door and window and found them secure. But Father Nooney had not thought of the chimney, and for a boy of Paddy's agility, it was an easy

matter to climb to the roof of the cabin and to let himself down the wide chimney by means of the clothes-line which he found in the back yard. The only trouble was that Finn, rejoiced at his approach, would not keep quiet, but greeted him with squeals of delight, which awakened Father Nooney.

When Paddy stood on the kitchen hearth, the priest sprang from his bed and scrambled for matches; his delay in striking a light was Paddy's salvation. He snatched up his pig, unbolted and flung open the kitchen door, and the strong draught extinguished the candle in the priest's hand. Then it was "legs do your duty"—and Paddy's were younger and swifter than the portly priest's. Long before he reached the crossroads, Father Nooney gave up the chase, and returned discomfited to his cabin.

At the crossroads Mrs. O'Learey was waiting with a small bundle in which she had bestowed all of Paddy's belongings, a loaf of bread, and a silver half-crown.

"It's to Cork you'll be going," she said, "and it's there you'll be stayin' till ye've a

chance to cross over the channel. Now, Shandon's neighbourin' to Cork, an' we've friends there: the Callahans, and Rose Callahan, she was to have married me brother Barney, and she was Miss Kathleen's maid, and would have follyed her to furrin' parts, only she promised Barney to wait for him. She'll be good to you for the sake of him that's gone."

Paddy's mother trudged along by his side for a long way; it seemed as if she could not bear to turn around and leave. At length, when the gray dawn appeared over Dunloe, she sat down on a grassy mound and took him in her arms and wept over him. Paddy had heard the women raise the keen over the dead at wakes, but he had never heard so heart-breaking a wail as this which his mother sobbed in his ear: "O acushla machree (pulse of my heart), I'm tearing my heart out in giving you up. My eyes will wither without the sight of your sweet face. I'll see you no more, no more, and I'll die of the famine—the heart famine, I'm m'aning." She was quite as likely to die of actual starvation, for her hands were very thin, and Paddy knew

that she had often pushed her porridge toward him, saying: "I'm not hungry," the sweetest lie that ever mother told.

"Mother! mother!" Paddy cried, "you'll break my heart with your keening. Sure, it's yourself bid me go to seek my fortune, and maybe I'll find the luck-penny that grandmother's always talking about. Sure, I look at ivery silver coin that folks gives me at fairs to see if it has the blessed cross on it, and when I finds it I'll bring it back to you and we'll never sup sorrow no more."

Mrs. O'Learey straightened herself up with a brave, proud smile which was pitiful to see, and blessed her boy with the most powerful blessing which she knew, a strange, superstitious rigamarole, the enlightened will call it; but as Paddy saw the steadfast faith shining through his mother's tears, and heard pronounced so solemnly the mystic blessing, "Christ's saints stand betwixt you and harm—Mary and her Son, St. Patrick and his staff, Martin with his mantle, Bridget with her veil, Michael with his shield, and God over all with his strong right hand"—

he felt himself guarded by an invisible company of angels. Mrs. O'Learey, strengthened and comforted, pulling her cloak about her face, turned and ran toward Killarney.

Paddy looked after her mournfully but bravely. It was the last turn in the road from which he could see the beautiful lakes, and memories of the lovely region in which he had lived all his life almost overcame his courage. There was sweet Innisfallen, with its ruined abbey and oratory; one of the oldest in Ireland, where St. Patrick himself had lived. There was the Stone Garden, a formation of strangely shaped stones, the only garden, as his grandmother often said, "that never failed in all the failures of Ireland, but grew spontaneous from year to year." There was O'Donoghue's Library, where the broken strata resembled books, and the meeting of the waters under the old Weir Bridge, built centuries before by the Danes, surely the loveliest spot in lovely Killarney. There was, too, the Long Range, where he had watched the deer, and the eagle's nest on the cliff, and all the rough

wild region about the Upper Lake, McGillicuddy's Reeks, and the Gap of Dunloe. How could he leave it all? The pig seemed to be of the same mind, and turning, started at a gallop for Killarney. This woke Paddy from his dreams, and speedily surrounding Finn, he trudged manfully on his way.

Paddy's hopes of making his fortune was not, however, immediately realised. He found the country in great distress; there were no fairs and few markets, and he could hear of no weddings or merry-makings. He gave performances with his pig at every village, but though there were plenty of idle people who collected about him, very few gave him anything, and when he begged for his supper at night he was frequently turned away hungry. He slept in barns and behind haymows, and ate raw vegetables and crusts, becoming hardly more fastidious than his pig.

At Roikeen he heard of a market in Tipperary, and hoping to make a little money he turned toward the north instead of pursuing the direct road to Cork. But the market was

a very disappointing affair. It swarmed with beggars and thieves, and though many had come to sell, there were few to buy, and fewer who cared to spend the little money they possessed in looking at shows. It was at this market that Paddy nearly lost his pig and Finn his life; for as it broke up a party of famished tramps gave chase to them both, declaring that they would have a barbecue before they died, and roast the performing pig. They chased them for several miles, famine and hope giving speed to their legs, while fear quickened those of Paddy and Finn.

At the foot of the Rock of Cashel, Paddy's strength gave out, and he sank down exhausted before the rocky road which led to the summit, where he had hoped to find an asylum in the ruined monastery. He tried to drive Finn up the cliff, but the stubborn animal remained by his side. Panting, but not quite exhausted, the tramps came lumbering up the road like a pack of hounds after their prey. Paddy gave up all for lost, when a man dressed in a long gray gown of frieze

stepped down the natural staircase and confronted the gang. They stopped, frightened by his sudden appearance, and one of them muttered, "It's the ghost that ates the nuts."

"By the same token!" exclaimed the man in gray; "and why haven't you brought me any this long time?"

"Plaze your haner's haner," said the foremost man humbly, "we haven't any ourselves; but if ye'll be plazed to share the pig with us, ye'll be welcome to the best pickings."

"Small thanks to you," replied the strange man, "when the crayther's my own, by this sign," and standing in front of Finn, he solemnly winked three times.

"He's winked at the pig!" screamed the ringleader of the tramps. "Begob, he's winked at the pig, an' it's no eating now for any Christian man. Be he divil, or ghost, or man it makes no differ, the pig's winked at, and his flesh'll pizen any mortal."

A loud grumbling was heard from the gang, who turned reluctantly away. One sturdy fellow lingered. "Sure, it's meself

wouldn't be afraid to try," he said; "I'd as lief die of pizen as hunger."

"Sure, you don't know what you're talkin'," called one of his companions. "Your carkiss would swell bigger than a hippypotamus, and yer sowl would niver find its way to Paradise. It's under enchantment it is; come away before he puts the evil eye on you too, you ignyramus."

Paddy had somewhat regained his breath during this parley, and he now begged for the life of his darling.

"Come up to the top of the rock," said the man in gray, "and we'll see him perform. Sure, it's little divarshun I've had this many a day, and laughing's as necessary to a man's life as 'atin'."

The Rock of Cashel is crowned by the ruins of an old abbey; a graveyard surrounds it, still used for interment; but no one inhabits the ruinous pile, and only occasional burial processions, pilgrims on penance, or tourists visit the spot. Paddy's only ideas of a ruined abbey had been gained from Muchcross, that little jewel-box among ruins; and he

was smitten with a feeling of awe as he viewed the great cathedral of Cashel, the palace of the Munster kings, Hore Abbey, the stone-roofed chapel built by Cormac MacCarthy in 1127, and the great round tower ninety feet high and fifty-six feet around.

“Sure, is it the king of this place ye are?” he asked of his guide as he led the way into Cormac’s Chapel; “and are yees alive or dead?”

“They say I’m the ghost of Cashel,” replied the unknown, and I’ll not be denijin’ them, for in the first place its unmannerly to conthradict, and in the second place, it suits me purpose well. For since I’ve took up with these quarters and show myself occasionally in the avenin’, there’s always some one will bring me the bit sup, comin’ at noon of the day and lavin’ it on one of the tombstones. Thru for you, there’s a bit of sameness in the diet, bein’ principally nuts, but it’s not for me to object, as that would be giving the lie to the lagind intirely. So I has chestnuts and acorns for breakfast, and walnuts

and acorns for dinner, and chestnuts and walnuts for supper. Help yourself and welcome, and give some of the acorns to the pig."

Paddy did as he was bidden and then made Finn perform, and whether his host were man or spirit, he felt that he had never had a more appreciative or generous audience.

"Sure, the baste was worth winking at, and as long as the nut crop holds out, he'll not go to bacon."

"Will you tell me, plaze yer haner," Paddy asked, "why the people give yees only nuts? Is it because the trees are convanient?"

"Partually, but more on account of the lagind. Rest ye aisy and I'll tell it to yees. The people of Cashel say that there was once an ould woman who was that sick with the paralism that for seven years she hadn't walked one step. Well, this ould woman had two sons, and one of them was that fond of nuts that he killed himself 'atin' of them. There's thim that do say that he died for love of a gurr named Nora, but the most part hold that it's much likelier the nuts killed him. Be that

as it may, when he lay a-dying he said to the priest: 'Do you think there's any nuts in heaven?' says he.

"And says the priest: 'It may be so, but there are no nuts in Purgatory, and it's to Purgatory you be goin'.'

"'If that be so,' says the young man to his mother, 'tell Nora to put a bag of nuts on my grave and I'll come back. Such is the love I bears her.'

"Some say it was for the love of Nora he'd come back, but I says it was for the love of the nuts, as my story will show.

"So those were the last words that iver he said, and they waked him, and they buried him there foreninst the round tower; and Nora she couldn't deny him that thriflin' satisfaction, and she put a bag of nuts on his grave all in the broad daylight, and went her ways, for she'd no hanker to meet him alive or dead.

"Now, there's a sayquil to the story, and there's two varsions to the sayquil, and the likeliest to my mind is this: There lived a poor man in the village of Cashel, and one

night there came to his house a robber and asked could he shtay the night with him.

“ ‘You’re welcome,’ says the poor man; ‘but I’ve nothin’ to set before you, for I’ve nothin’ myself,’ says he, ‘and by the same token, my children are cryin’ with hunger.’

“Well, the monks lived here thin, and the robber said: ‘Show me the way to the abbey shapefold and I’ll stale a shape for yees.’

“So the poor man took a lanthorn, and he says, ‘There’s the shapefold; but sure, I’ll not go wid yees; I’ll just shtep into the graveyard and wait until yees come back.’ So in he shteped and sot down on the young man’s grave, and finding the nuts convanient, began to crack ’em on his tombstone.

“Well, just at that time who should come along but the young man’s brother, who was curious to see whether his brother’s ghost would really come back afther the nuts or the gurrl. And when he saw the poor man sitting there ’atin’ the nuts he was scared out of his wits. So home he runs to his mother. ‘And mother,’ says he, ‘I see my brother

a-sittin' on his grave a-crackin' the nuts on his tombstone.'

“ ‘ And what did he say to you ? ’ says she.

“ ‘ Niver a word,’ says he.

“ ‘ Oh! take me to him,’ says the mother, ‘ and I’ll queskin him,’ says she.

“ So, as she was parylised, the son took the mother on his back and carried her to the burying-ground; and when the poor man saw them coming he thought it was the robber with the shape, so he called out: ‘ Sure, it’s a fat one you have; bring her along and we’ll ate her betwixt us.’

“ ‘ Fat or lean there she is for you,’ says the son, and he dumped his mother in a ditch that was convanient and run for his life. And the ould lady she was so scared too, that she forgot all about her paralism and up and ran too, and got home before her son, she that had not walked for seven years.

“ Now, that’s one sayquil, and a sinsible one; but there’s others that say that the son brought his mother by night with the nuts, and that the spirit of her son that was dead appeared to her and wrought a miracle and

cured her, and after that Nora repinted her onkindness and came frequent and walked up and down the aisles a-convarsin' with the spirit of the mighty dead.

“And whichever way the truth may lie, the conclusion is the same. The poor people of Cashel, whether they have parylised relations at home or sweethearts that's givin' to jiltin', all the same they brings nuts and lays them on my tombstone, for I'm the ghost of the young man. Don't yees be laughin'.”

With this remarkable statement, he winked again in the same sly way that he had done at the pig, but Paddy did not have the least fear of the evil eye. Instead he was very sure that his host was a kindly disposed human being, who for some reason best known to himself was hiding in the ruin.

“That's a good story,” Paddy replied meditatively. “It's almost as good as the stories my grandmother used to tell, and I misdoubt it's as thrue as some of them. There may be ghosts as well as fairies, and it's not for me to be doubting the good people. Sure, we're most

of fairy stock ourselves, and that's the way we come to have a luck penny."

"A luck penny!" exclaimed the man in gray; "there's only a few old families in Ireland has that. We had one onst, but 'twas lost, bad cess to the fairies that shtole it from us."

"But the fairy who gave us ours was a Leprechawn, good-natured to us, for the good turn my great-great-great, seventy times great, grandmother did him, and he didn't stale it from us at all, at all; but we must have lost it oursel'."

"Tell me the lagind, little one," said the man in gray; "I like laginds, and this one sounds familiar like." And while the man in gray lighted his dudeen and smoked complacently, and Finn, who had not had such a royal feast of acorns for many a day, curled up by Paddy's side and grunted contentedly in his sleep, Paddy told the story of the blessed luck penny.

"Ages and ages ago, before there were any lakes in Killarney, and only a little trout strame that came l'aping and dancing down

from the hills, the castle of Prince O'Donohue stood on its banks in the midst of a plain, where the Upper Lough is now.

“Now, the prince was an ould bachelor, and he played havoc with the gurrls' hearts intirely, and not with mortial girls alone, for the quane of the fairies was in love with him, and he with her, and the day was set for their marriage.

“Now, there was an ould bachelor Leprechawn—that's a fairy, too, but not the handsome kind. Some folks calls 'em brownies and some bogies. They have round little stumicks and thin arms and legs; and this one wore a long-tailed red coat and grane knee-breeches, and a black hat cocked over one ear, and a big ruff of fine lace, like as I've seen in the portraits at the Hall, gathered around his wrinkled ould face. Sure, he was the gintleman intirely, but not inticein' to look at. Well, he loved the fairy quane and she would have none of him. So, in revinge he went to the purtiest gurrl in Killarney, and says he: 'If you will bewitch the O'Donohue so that he will forsake his fairy bride, I will give you a

magic purse containing the silver luck penny that St. Patrick blessed, so that as long as that penny is kept in that purse it is never alone, for if the last shillin' is spent another comes to kape company with the luck penny.'

"Now, the gurrl's name was Ellen, and she was not only the purtiest girl in Killarney, but the purtiest in all Ireland as well, and when the O'Donohue saw her, bewitched he was—for no Irishman could stand bewitchment like that—and to that extent that he forgot the fairy quane intirely and asked her to marry him.

"But the night of the wedding, when the dancing and the feasting were going on in the castle, the fairy quane called all her subjects together and they built a wall where the valley narrows, just where the old Weir Bridge is now, and they dammed up the strame, and the waters riz and riz till they come into the hall of the castle, and the guests flew about all shrieking with terror. Thin the Leprechawn flew in on the wings of a bat and carried the bride away to a safe place, but the enchantments of the fairy quane were too much

for him and he couldn't save the O'Donohue, who was drowned under the waters or else changed into a merman by the fairy quane. I've been over the spot where the castle is, in a boat, and my feyther says he can make out the battlements with the flag flying, but I never could quite see it.

"Howsomever the Leprechawn kept his promise and gave Ellen the luck penny, and if her beauty brought her suitors before, you may be sure her wealth didn't keep them away, and so at last she married an honest chap, my siventy-siven times great grandfather, Barney Maloney."

"Tare an' hounds!" exclaimed the man in gray. "By this and that, it's my own name you're afther sp'akin', and since I can't be that Barney Maloney, sure, I must be one of his own sisters comin' afther him. I've heard my mother tell that story many a time when I was a bye in Castleisland, and what's more, she would have it that I lost the luck penny the night the middleman was shot. The saints stand bechuxt us and harm. I've no remimberance of iver having had it."

“Then you are him that’s gone,” Paddy said, meditatively, “and not a ghost at all, at all.”

“Is that what they are after calling me?” asked Barney; “and by the same token, you must be one of my sister O’Learey’s childer from Killarney. And how are they all this many year? And my mother, is she still in Castleisland?—tell me that.”

Paddy gave his uncle all the family news. “And since it’s my own flesh and blood ye are, yees shall fare on somethin’ better nor nuts,” he said, and removing a slab from the stone pavement, he lifted a basket from the hollow beneath—a basket filled with cold meat and bread, and Paddy feasted as he had not done since the beginning of the famine.

He remained for some time with his uncle, or rather made the Rock of Cashel the centre of his peregrinations in Tipperary, strolling about for days at a time with his pig and returning at intervals to Cormac’s Chapel, sure of a kindly welcome.

Barney, too, made excursions in the neigh-

bourhood of a very mysterious character. Paddy feared that his trade was not an honest one, for he was often absent at night; and once when he returned late, and fancied that Paddy was sleeping, he took from his person a heavy belt and counted so many bright gold pieces that Paddy pinched himself to make sure he was not dreaming. "Sure, it's the king of the robbers he is," thought Paddy, and his mind was torn with the desire to have his uncle relieve the distress of the family at Killarney, and his conscientious scruples as to whether it would be right for them to accept ill-gotten gains.

One night Barney returned utterly discouraged. Paddy had seen him strangely excited before, but never with such an utterly heart-broken expression as that which he wore as he sorrowfully bade his nephew farewell.

"I'm l'avin' you, little one," he said, "it's to Cork I'm goin', for the game's up and Tipperary's no good for me."

"No more it is for me," Paddy replied. "It was to Cork I set out to go at first, and

wid your consint it's to Cork I'll be afther thravellin' wid yees now; unless it's a slight detour ye'll be afther makin' and see me mother an' grandmother in Killarney. Be the powers, I can't take Finn back there ayther, for all the winkin' of yer eyes'll not save him from Father Nooney; he's such a powerful exorcist he'd just take the enchantment off wid a dash of b'ilin' howly wather, and have Finn sarved up for supper in the wag of a black shape's tail. No, I must deliver him safe to Miss Kathleen and thin I'll go back to Killarney wid yez."

"And where is Miss Kathleen?—the saints save her leddyship!" asked Barney. "It's in furrin parts I heard she'd gone."

"Sorra a wan of me knows," replied Paddy, "for I lost the paper that had the address on it; but it's Rose Callahan that will know, and it's to her I'm goin' with your permission and that of the pig."

"Rose Callahan!" shouted Barney; "sure, yees don't tell me she's in Ireland. I heard she'd left Killarney wid the family."

"Thrue for you, but she wint wid thim no


further than Shandon, and that's Cork, and there she's awaitin', so my mother says, for the return of him that's gone."

"Tare an' hounds!" shouted Barney; "it's to Cork we'll be goin', and we'll not be walkin' nayther. It's meself will invest in a donkey and a cart, and we'll ride along like lards, wid a horse and six coaches, the pig for our futman; and blessings on yees, Paddy, ye rascal, why didn't ye tell me this before?"



CHAPTER VI.

BLARNEY CASTLE AND FATHER MATHEW.



ALTHOUGH Barney seemed in such haste to reach Cork, that he went to the expense of purchasing a donkey and cart with which to make the journey, and would not brook the delay necessary to give any performances with the pig upon the way, he wasted several hours rather than enter the city by daylight, but turned off from the road and reached the ruins of Blarney Castle in the evening.

“It’s here we’ll make our residence,” he said to Paddy, “as foine as if we were discindants of the MacCarthy More. We’ll hide the cart in the thicket yonder, and

“ ‘ I know a cave where
No daylight enters,
But bats and badgers
Are forever bred,
And moss by nature
Makes it complater
Than a coach-and-six
Or a downy bed.’ ”

“ ‘ Sure, it’s there we’ll introjuice the donkey, and many a better crayther has had a worse lodging-place.’ ”

Paddy helped his uncle to unharness the donkey and put him into the cave, the entrance to which was so cunningly hidden that it was evident the locality was well known to Barney.

“ ‘ Did yees make up that poetry yersel’ ? ’ ”
Paddy asked in admiration.

“ ‘ No, Paddy, but it’s none the worse for that. Look about yees ma bouchal, did yees ever see a lovelier place in the moonlight ? and its purtier still in the sunshine. ”

“ ‘ The groves of Blarney,
That look so charming
Down by the purlings
Of sweet quiet brooks,
Are decked by posies
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order
In the rocky nooks.’ ”

Paddy gazed on the beautiful and peaceful scene with delight and then looked wonderingly up at the rugged tower of the great donjon keep, which towered above them in gloomy grandeur.

“And is it there we’re to lodge the night?” he asked. “Sure, I think a barn would be cheerfuller. Are yees sure there’s no robbers or evil folk up there? It’s a mighty dismal-looking tavern, and I’d rather make its acquaintance in daylight.”

“Right ye are,” Barney replied, “for the staircase is full of twistifications, and some of the stones are missing. We’ll just delay a thorough exploration of the place till mornin’, but in the manetime, I knows a cozy little room, here at the foot of the tower, that they used to shtarve prisoners in when Cromwell, the villain, was belabouring the fortress. Some of the shtones have fallen out quite convanient, and we can climb in. Hand me the pig, but tie my neckercher around his nose first to silence his squ’aling, or he’ll disthurb all the jackdaws that are roostin’ in the circumjacent trees.”

Paddy did as he was told, and by clinging to the great twisted stems of ivy, clambered after his uncle. He found himself in a small chamber, which had apparently no connection with the interior of the castle, as the window through which they had made an entrance seemed the only opening in the solid stone wall, and it had evidently been enlarged from a mere loophole in comparatively modern times.

"Well, of all the quare rooms," said Paddy, "that I ever shtruck, this is the quarest. And how did the McCarthys ever get into it, at all?"

"Sure, none of the family iver lodged here," Barney replied; "didn't I tell you it was for the prisoners?"

"But they couldn't have boosted the prisoners from the outside through that hole in the wall," Paddy objected, "for it was only a slit of a windy once, and here are shtaples of an iron grating."

"No, begob, they didn't come in that way, nor did they grow spontaneous; but the floor was thick with the bones of thim

whin the county perliss broke open the windy with pickaxes. Look aloft, will yees, and then maybe it mayn't be above the measure of your understanding to guess how they descinded."

Paddy looked up and shuddered, for the room had apparently no ceiling between it and the roof of the tower, which, a hundred feet above them, let the moonbeams through its broken rafters. Half way up the wall, however, he could discover a door, and the idea occurred to him that a staircase might have formerly existed, communicating with different floors of the tower which had been burned or had otherwise disappeared.

"No," said Barney, in reply to this suggestion, "there niver wor no floors intervanning nor no shtaircase, but the prisoners were just pushed out of that door to tumble down and break their bones on these stones, and this windy was left convanient that their groans and shrieks might be heard by their friends who were besieging the castle, and whin the besiegers came near wid their battering-rams an' their culverins, faith, molten

lead was poured on them from a swingin' crate, the ingeniousness of which I'll explain to you in the morning. An' those were the gay boys intirely, the MacCarthy Mores."

Paddy lay down with Finn for a pillow and his uncle's frieze coat for a coverlet, but his strange surroundings and the gruesome traditions kept him for a long time awake.

When morning came they brought some water from the brook and made a frugal breakfast on some food which they had brought with them, after which Barney told Paddy to go to Shandon with his pig and look up Rose Callahan; "for," said he, "I wouldn't be surprisin' the darlint so suddint like. Get her ear alone and ask her if I may come this avenin'. But what am I thinkin' of. Come up with me and kiss the Blarney Shtone that the darlint will not be able to resist yees."

"What do yees mane, uncle?" Paddy asked, for he had never heard the local legend.

"Sure, there's the poem ag'in for you,"

said Barney, quoting once more from Dick Milliken's song:

“ ‘ There is a stone
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's favour
Or become a member
Of Parliament ;
A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out and outer,
To be let alone.
Don't try to hinder him
Or to bewilder him,
For he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone.' ”

Barney led Paddy to the roof of the castle and showed him the stone set in the outer wall below the parapet. “ ‘ There's no resistin' any one that kisses that shtone, ” said Barney; “ and I'll hold yees by the heels, head downward, over the side of the wall till yees does it. ”

It was a fearful experience, as with starting eyeballs Paddy hung in mid-air, and saw the tree-tops beneath him. Barney held him tightly, but, as it seemed to the boy, for an

eternity; and when he jerked him up grazed his chin and forehead against the rough masonry.

"Have yees iver thried it yersel'?" Paddy asked.

"Faith, no," Barney replied, sadly; "for I know no one in this neighborhood would give me the kindness to swing me by the heels, though there's many would do that same by my neck."

"Yees might go down overhand with a good stout rope," suggested Paddy.

Barney shook his head. "Give me but a chance with Rose Callahan and I'll not be needing any blarney but my own, I'm thinkin'," he said with a confident smile. "You see, Paddy darlint, I've a charum that was given me by an ould witch woman, a charum of most desperate love. I've only to write it with a raven's quill in the blood of the ring finger of my left hand, and then fasten the charum on to Rose Callahan unbeknownst to her, and the colleen will not be able to live without me. So now I'm afther catching one of the burrds that's cawing so

lively in the tree yonder, and thin I'll do my writing. Whist, Paddy, I'll let yees read it, for maybe ye'll have use for it yoursel' one of these days."

The charm, written on very dirty paper, read as follows:

"By the power that Christ brought from Heaven mayst thou love me, woman! As the sun follows its course, mayst thou follow me. As light to the eye, as bread to the hungry, as joy to the heart, may thy presence be with me, O woman that I love, till death parts us asunder."

"Be off wid yees," said Barney, as Paddy handed him back the charm; "but before yees come back go to the post-office in Cork and mail this letter. It's to America it goes, and ye must have it weighed and properly shtamped. Mind yees don't tell livin' mortal, except Rose, that I'm here, for it's into prison I'd be clapped, and I'm not hanker-ing again for those quarters. And bring back plenty of bread and mate with yees; here's money if ye can gain none with the baste, and by the same token, here's my

whiskey bottle, that's as dry as me own throat."

Paddy hurried down the six flights of stairs and called Finn, who was squealing at the foot, much to the perplexity of the jackdaws, who were chattering with each other about him in angry altercation, some being plainly averse to his remaining longer in the vicinity. The docile creature trotted along by Paddy's side as he took a short cut across the fields in the direction of Shandon, guided by the chimes of the famous Shandon bells. In after years Paddy learned to love Father Mahoney's "Bells of Shandon:"

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

Even now the melody of the chimes had a strange power over him, for it was the first time that he had heard cathedral bells.

The breath of spring was in the air and



energy in the rushing river, and he tramped on sturdily with a hopeful feeling at his heart which was quickened at Shandon, for he found sweet Rose Callahan, who was overjoyed when told that her old lover was near. Paddy had not the heart to tell her his suspicions of why his uncle was in hiding, but Rose apparently understood it better than he, for she said: "Tell him to come to-night. There's no one in the house but my old mother and me. We'll keep him safe from them that's watching for him."

Even as she spoke a policeman turned the corner, and she retreated precipitately into her house, shutting Paddy out. The man eyed Paddy suspiciously, and the boy turned into the nearest public-house and asked permission to exhibit his pig, but there were only a few idlers standing about, and the landlord was surly. "Get along wid yees," he said. "What with the famine and the temperance I've no custom, bad luck to Feyther Mathew and his medal."

The policeman was waiting at the door when Paddy came out, and the boy asked the

nearest way to the Cork post-office, at the same time feeling in his pocket for a bit of twine with which to lead Finn, now that the streets were becoming more crowded. As he did so the letter which his uncle had given him fell out and the policeman picked it up. Paddy snatched it from him, but not before the man of law had read the address and asked in a startled way:

“Be the Powers, who gave you that letter?” Paddy was too cute to answer his question, and, evading his outstretched hand, dashed around a corner without waiting to fasten Finn, who followed him at full gallop. When safely out of sight of the policeman he found the post-office and mailed the letter. But he had no further success that day. He had never seen such wretchedness in all his life as was visible in Cork. The distress had been sore in the country and in the villages through which he had passed, but here was a city of starving people. Men sitting in their doorways with apathetic, despairing faces, or wandering up and down the streets crazed by hunger. Emaciated children wailed and

begged, and wild, perishing women besought a little crust for the love of God. Suddenly a famishing dog spied Finn and rushed upon him; Paddy fought him off and the pig ran madly down the street. A rabble of half-starving men and boys started from the different doorways in pursuit, Paddy among them, though he saw that he could avail nothing against such a mob. Fortunately the pig kept on until it gained the suburbs of the town, and the men, weakened by fasting, gave up the chase; but Paddy did not dare to return with his pet to the shops, and he kept on to Blarney Castle without the supplies which he had been told to secure.

Barney was so delighted with the message from Rose Callahan that he attached little weight to Paddy's other experiences, and fastening the pig in the donjon keep he sent the boy out again later in the day to make another attempt at marketing.

As Paddy's bad luck would have it, he had scarcely entered Cork when he met the same policeman whom he had encountered in the morning at Shandon. Hastily taking to his

heels, he ran into some of the very boys who had chased Finn in the forenoon. Instantly the cry was raised, "The pig!" for he was recognised as its owner, and a crowd larger than the first started in pursuit.

Paddy was now at a disadvantage, for in the forenoon he had had the open before him and now he was hemmed in by the blind alleys and crooked streets of Cork, with which he was totally unfamiliar. The hue and cry started up new pursuers in front of him, who joined hands to head him off. Women threw missiles from windows and doorways, and as he had had no luncheon, he was not so fresh as in the morning. A broken bit of crockery, thrown by a boy, cut his forehead, and a powerful hag rushed from a doorway flourishing a stocking containing a heavy stone. Paddy dodged her, doubled, and, blinded by the blood which trickled from his eyebrow, dashed recklessly toward the first unguarded opening, not noticing that it was a sheer declivity of some twenty feet. Over this he fell, his right leg doubling under him. He leaped up instantly, but sank back in a faint, for his leg was broken.

Paddy did not know what followed. The policeman came to him by a circuitous way and stood scratching his head in perplexity. Now that his prey was in his power he did not know what to do with him. There was no provision in the city jail for broken legs. He searched the boy's pockets, but the letter which he wished to secure was already on its way to America. The boy was not now in a state to answer questions, and the captor was completely nonplussed by his own success.

While the mob was gazing stupidly a priest came forward, to whom the crowd opened respectfully. The priest knelt by Paddy's side and at once saw the nature of his injuries. "Help me to carry the lad into the friary," he said to the policeman, who at once obeyed, and Paddy was laid on a clean white bed in the cell of Father Theobald Mathew, the great temperance reformer of Ireland.

For days he was delirious, but Father Mathew cared for him faithfully and tenderly, gaining bits of the boy's history from his incoherent ravings.

After Paddy came to himself, it was still several weeks before he could walk. Father Mathew came and went, and was always most kind and attentive, but Paddy was consumed with a wild desire to get to his uncle and his pig, and his impatience really hindered his recovery. Father Mathew knew of this desire from his delirious wailing, but even in the height of his delirium he had preserved the secret of his uncle's name and whereabouts.

"If you will tell me where you live, my dear boy," Father Mathew would say again and again, "I will send a message to your friends, and they will doubtless come to you."

But Paddy closed his lips firmly, the hunger in his eyes alone telling what he suffered. He would not even send for Rose Callahan, for fear of bringing trouble upon her, or that the authorities might through her be able to track his hunted uncle. His experience with Father Nooney led him to distrust the priesthood, and though Father Mathew's face was so kind that he was often almost won, he would not yield to the impulse to confide in him.

When his delirium was at its height, Paddy had a strange dream, which he remembered distinctly afterward. It was that his Uncle Barney was dead, that he saw him wrapped in his shroud and lying upon his bier, with candles at his head and feet. But while he knelt in despair at his side the family good genius, the friendly Leprechawn, appeared and laid the lost luck penny upon his breast, and his uncle sprang to his feet alive and well. "There you are," said the Leprechawn, "for the love of a sweet Irish girl, a *new man*." And with these words ringing in his ears the dream vanished. Father Mathew was talking earnestly near the door with a poor besotted wretch whom his weeping wife was beseeching to take the pledge. Paddy could see that the man was only half convinced, but Father Mathew seemed to possess a magic compelling power, for when he held out the pen toward him saying, "You will sign here," the man obeyed mechanically and went away in a dazed condition, while his wife called down the blessings of Heaven on the priest.

It was a very ordinary occurrence, and Paddy saw it enacted over and over again. Sometimes a man would be dragged in by his friends, resisting with all his might and swearing great oaths that nothing could compel him to take the pledge. Father Mathew would speak to him but a few moments in a calm but authoritative manner, and the man would fall upon his knees, all the revolt and ugliness gone out of him, and completely melted to repentance and submission. There seemed to be something almost miraculous in this man's influence. He travelled from one end to the other of Ireland, administering the pledge to thousands of persons and effecting so great a reform, that while in 1839, the first year of his crusade, the number of persons committed for crimes was twelve thousand, in 1845 it was only seven thousand. He could not care for Paddy so long without speaking to him of the subject which was nearest his heart.

“I found a whiskey bottle in your pocket, my lad,” he said to him one day. “I do not think it is your own, for you haven't Satan's

mark on your face; but if it belongs to your father, I want you to bring him to me. I have a message for him. He cannot be a true Irishman and love Ireland if he drinks now in the midst of this famine and suffering. Why, Paddy, if all the grain that is converted into this poison were devoted to its natural use, it would afford a meal a day to every man, woman, and child in the land. The man or woman who drinks, drinks the food of the starving. Your father cannot be such a monster as to wish to do that."

"The bottle isn't me feyther's," Paddy replied. "He drinks, though, but he never drank till he lost his luck. I wish yees could spake to him, for it's breakin' my poor mother's heart he is; but they are far away in Killarney."

"You must take the message to him yourself, my boy. When you are strong enough to travel I will send him a letter by you, and you must go back and help him."

Paddy was silent; he was not yet ready to tell Father Mathew his entire history, and

the good priest, seeing that he had not quite won the boy's heart, wisely desisted.

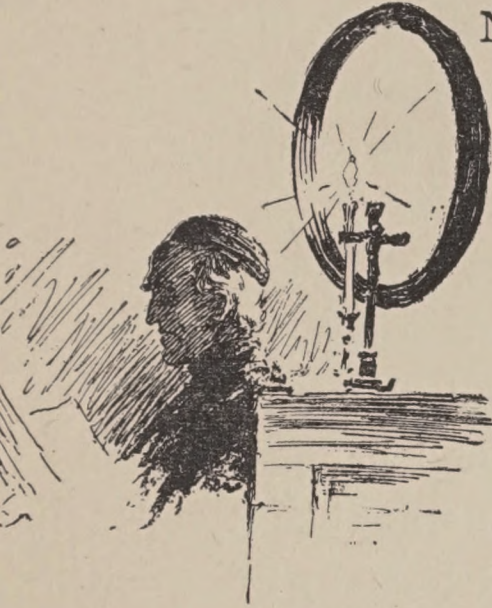
One day he brought Paddy a crutch and helped him to limp about the friary court. "My broken-winged sparrow is almost ready to fly," he said kindly. "If not back to Killarney, where do you want to go? Cork is no place for you. Have you possibly an uncle in America?"

At this chance question Paddy took instant alarm and determined to run away that very night from Father Mathew.



CHAPTER VII.

THE FINDING OF THE LUCK PENNY.



IN the evening that Paddy met with his accident, Barney found his way to Rose Callahan's and met with so warm a welcome that it was nearly morning before he found his way back to Blarney Castle.

He was surprised to see that Paddy was not waiting for him, and his perplexity grew as several days passed by and the boy did not return. Had the pig also been missing, Barney would have concluded that Paddy had found an opportunity to cross the Channel; but Barney knew that his nephew would not willingly go far without his darling Finn. For reasons of his own he could not prosecute an open search for Paddy, and he waited from day to day, hoping that he would return and explain the

mystery. He was quite willing to wait, for besides the proximity of Rose Callahan, which would have rendered any region delightful, it was quite necessary for Barney to receive an answer to the letter which he had despatched to America before he could determine his future movements.

Barney was not a robber, as Paddy had suspected, but the agent of a society of young Irishmen in America, who had entrusted him with funds to aid O'Connell in his political agitations. In his youth Barney had attended the monster meetings addressed by this great orator, and the memory of the eloquence of the "Liberator" had quickened his pulse and nerved his arm to labour while in exile in America.

He had gathered about him there spirits like his own, who had followed from afar O'Connell's battle for Catholic emancipation and for the repeal of the Union. They had flamed into revolt on his trial for "seditious conspiracy," and had laid aside their earnings to aid him on his release from prison.

Barney was their agent, but on his return

to Ireland he found the political situation strangely changed. O'Connell's health and spirit had been broken by his imprisonment. The Whigs had regained their power, and he consented to support their measures. The malcontents of Ireland reproached him bitterly with having betrayed them. There were secret societies and incendiary meetings in Tipperary, and this explained Barney's lurking at the Rock of Cashel. But Ireland was no longer united. The magician who had held their hearts and wills in his hand had lost his power. Barney heard him speak once, and wept at the change. Lord Lytton declared of O'Connell that he first learned from him

“What spells of infinite choice

To rouse or lull has the sweet human voice.”

Barney had seen him rouse to wildest enthusiasm a vast open-air concourse—throwing his wonderful voice in its softest cadences across the hush to the remotest limit of the vast assemblage. Now they would not listen to him, but jeered and hissed when he rose, and, attempting to address them, broke down

utterly. Barney sought him after the meeting and offered him the money sent by his American friends. But O'Connell refused to accept it.

"I see no way of using it for the good of Ireland," he said. "My heart is broken, and I am going to Rome to die. Stay, there is one man with whom you can trust it. Give it to Father Mathew; he will expend it in relief for the starving."

Barney came back to his hiding-place utterly disheartened. O'Connell had written a line for his friends in America, advising them to authorise Barney to give the funds to Father Mathew, and this letter Barney had enclosed in one of his own and was now awaiting its answer.

He dared not show himself in public, for he had been imprisoned as a suspect on his first arrival in Cork, and since Paddy's disappearance he depended on Rose Callahan to purchase the supplies necessary for himself, the donkey, and the pig. Rose, too, kept watch of the mails, and one day received the expected letter from America.

But the police had been equally watchful, and on the night when Rose gave Barney the letter two policemen knocked at the home of the Callahans.

The "Widdy Callahan" and her daughter had always borne a good name in Shandon, and the policemen were not sure of the truth of their information. They therefore acted with great caution and politeness.

"A strange man was seen to enter this house two avenin's ago," said Policeman Hurley, "and he was not seen to depart. Can you explain me that?"

The Widdy Callahan could have answered with perfect truth that he had gone away the same night, but the consciousness of guilt induces the person charged with it to take refuge in a lie rather than in the truth, and the Widdy Callahan replied recklessly: "Sure, that was my third cousin, Donal' McGillicuddy, and how could he go out again when he was that sick he died this morning?"

"Died!" exclaimed Policeman Hurley. "Then let us have a look at the corpse, and we'll be after l'avin' you."

"I dunno that he's ready for the wake," replied the widow, elevating her voice so that it could be heard by the occupants of the next room. "Rose and I were laying him out as ye knocked at the door."

Rose and Barney had heard the conversation. The room in which they were had only one window opening directly upon the street. People were passing, and seeing that there was no escape in this direction, they took the hint suggested by Mrs. Callahan, and Barney stretched himself on a couch and Rose covered him with a sheet. She was hastily placing lighted candles on a stool at his feet when Policeman Hurley opened the door.

"Ow! Misther Hurley!" the ready-witted Rose exclaimed, "don't be afther crossin' the doorsill and spoilin' the pretty face of yees wid him dyin' of the small-pox!"

The policeman started back involuntarily. He had his suspicions, but the alternative was too terrible, and he rejoined his companion in the next room. "Have yees had the praste?" he asked of Mrs. Callahan.

“Saints presarve us, no. Won’t yees be getting one for us, Misther Hurley?”

“That I will,” he replied, glad of an excuse to leave the house. As the two men left the door, they stumbled against Paddy, who was carrying out his resolution to run away from Father Mathew. Hurley collared the boy, and then held a brief conference with the other policeman. “It won’t do to go away at wanst, I’m thinkin’; we’d better watch the house a bit, for maybe it’s playing it on us they are.”

“All the same, it’ll do no harum to send for the praste,” said the other.

“If he’s a big felly, he may be too strong for one of us, and we’d better both stay here. Here, boy, go and get a praste; tell him there’s a man dead or dyin’, and he’s wanted immejiate.”

“A man dead!” Who could it be but his Uncle Barney, and Paddy limped away as fast as his crutch could carry him. He wakened Father Mathew, and the good priest willingly accompanied him. Grief had affected what nothing else could do, and had opened

Paddy's heart, and on the way he told Father Mathew everything — that the police were shadowing his uncle, for what reason he knew not, and that if he were not actually dead, a worse fate perhaps awaited him.

The policemen stepped aside from the door as Father Mathew approached, but Hurley, touching his hat respectfully, communicated his doubts.

“ I'm fearful,” he said, “ that the dead man isn't dead at all, at all; but is one of O'Connell's agints.”

“ In that case why did you not arrest him? ” Father Mathew asked.

“ Well, your riverence, I was fearful again that he might be dead, and the saints would shtand betwuxt your riverence and harum; but they have more important business on hand than to be botherin' about protectin' the likes of us from small-pox.”

“ I see,” Father Mathew replied, with a slight touch of scorn in his tone. “ If it's a case of too-exuberant patriotism, the case belongs to you; if of death from a malignant disease, to me. Let me in, Mrs. Callahan, and

you, Paddy, remain in this outer room. I will return in a few moments."

Much against Mrs. Callahan's will Father Mathew pushed his way into the inner room. Paddy could hear his low, serious voice for what seemed to him a long time, but he finally returned and said to Hurley: "The case belongs to me. Send Undertaker O'Malley here."

The policemen touched their hats and went away, and Paddy burst into a loud wail.

Father Mathew laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "I did not say that your uncle was dead," he said reassuringly. "The living sometimes belong to me, and your uncle is going to Killarney immediately on my errands."

He opened the door as he spoke and Paddy rushed into the arms of his uncle. Father Mathew continued to converse with Barney.

"I know O'Connell well," he said. "A truer soul never breathed, and though he and his followers have made mistakes, they have acted in the main with praiseworthy

moderation. I have helped him there, for if it were not for the temperate habits of the greater part of Ireland, our unhappy country would be one wild scene of tumult and bloodshed." Father Mathew spoke the truth, for during his career upward of five millions out of a population of eight millions had signed the pledge. "This money," he went on, "has been contributed by Killarney men and it must be expended for Killarney. Carry out my instructions exactly as I have given them, and deliver the letters which I shall write. But before you go, that I may be assured of your trustworthiness, and for your own eternal fortune, take this pledge and wear this badge."

As he spoke he fastened to Barney's breast a small medal. It seemed to Paddy that his dream was realised, and that Father Mathew was the Leprechawn, and he exclaimed excitedly, "The luck penny! Uncle Barney, you've got the luck penny back again."

Father Mathew smiled significantly. "It is indeed a luck penny, my boy, and you shall have one, too, and shall carry one from me to

your father. Now say the pledge after me." Paddy obeyed, ending with the words with which Father Mathew had begun his remarkable career: "Here goes, with the help of God."

"Plaze your riverence," asked Barney, "how am I to get through this town, now that mornin' has come, with the perliss a-watchin'?"

"And plaze your riverence," asked the Widdy Callahan, "here's Mr. O'Malley with his cart and a coffin, and he wants to know where's the corp."

"The one question answers the other," replied Father Mathew, and stepping to the door he asked the undertaker to bring the rude coffin into the outer room and leave his cart before the door, and he would himself attend to the rest. Mr. O'Malley was very willing to surrender all duties to Father Mathew, as Policeman Hurley had told him that it was a case of small-pox.

A short time after the undertaker had left, Father Mathew and Barney carried the empty coffin out again and replaced it in the

cart, and Paddy mounting beside them, they drove away in the full light of morning, in the sight of the population of Shandon and of Hurley's brother policeman, who supposed that Barney, who was driving by the side of Father Mathew, was the undertaker's assistant.

They drove directly to Blarney Castle, where Barney harnessed his donkey, and taking an affectionate and grateful farewell of Father Mathew, set out for Killarney.

Paddy and Finn went with him, for Rose Callahan had communicated the delightful news that Miss Kathleen and her family had passed through Cork two days before on their return to the old Hall. She would have gone with them but for Barney, but she would now follow them as soon as possible. Father Mathew deposited the coffin in the cave and returned the cart to the undertaker, Barney insisting on paying Mr. O'Malley's charge for the funeral expenses.


"Sure, Blarney will be all the dearer to me now that I'm buried there," he said.

It seemed indeed that one Barney had been

buried and a new man had sprung into being in his place. The enthusiasm which he had poured out on political schemes was crystallised by Father Mathew into work as patriotic and more practical for the immediate relief of the sufferers from the famine. Paddy had no notion of the extent of the power for good which was in his uncle's hands, but he was relieved to know that he was not a robber, and he had a superstitious feeling that now the luck penny was found all would be right.

Paddy's heart had been torn for a long time by conflicting longings to return to his mother and to deliver up the pig to Miss Kathleen, and now that he approached Killarney, and both desires centred in the same spot, his impatience knew no bounds. As they came in sight of the beautiful lakes the donkey seemed absolutely to crawl, and leaping from the cart Paddy announced his intention of running on in advance with Finn.

"Right you are," said Barney, "for I must stop in the village on the business of



his riverence, but tell my mother and sister I'll be with them the night."

Paddy ran until he was out of breath, and Finn actually seemed to recognise the locality, for he galloped on ahead, and when they reached the cabin, dashed into the barrel which had served him as a sty and stood empty in the rear of the house.

Never, not even when he looked longingly back upon it after his mother's farewell blessing, had the region looked so beautiful to Paddy. It was the early spring. The evergreens gave rich, dark touches here and there, the glossy holly and the beautiful arbutus were in full leaf, while every crumbling ruin was draped with ivy. The wayside was yellow with gorse, the rhododendrons in Desmond park were in bloom, and more tender trees and shrubs, loiterers in the spring procession, were uncurling tiny leaves, or with their terminal buds giving a soft, purplish blur to the outline of twigs and branches. A wave of tender green was stealing over the landscape, encroaching on the purple reaches of the bare fields and on the browns and rus-

sets of last year's grasses. Veils of delicate mist were rising from the lakes and drifting away over the mountains. It was the season of mystery and hope, and Paddy's heart swelled with happiness. And yet the loneliness of the scene struck him with a certain vague foreboding. The season was quite far advanced, and yet none of the fields belonging to the small holders were ploughed, and no one was putting in potatoes. No one was cutting peat or passing along the road to a farm town. Away over there in the churchyard was the only faint evidence of life visible in all the landscape, and that was connected with death: a little group stood around an open grave, and a priest, presumably Father Nooney, was officiating. But in the olden days, whenever there was a funeral, even of the poorest in the parish, the neighbours turned out with ready sympathy at the wake and funeral, whereas Paddy could only count five figures about this grave.

As he passed the O'Flannagan cottage he thought he had never seen a more desolate

dwelling. "Surely," he thought, "the family must have been evicted," for the thatch was off the roof and the door hanging by one hinge. But there at the well stood his old friend Rory, his companion in grief in Father Nooney's catechism class, though so changed that he hardly knew him. Rory had been short and fat and jolly; he was now tall and emaciated, with a heart-break of desolation in his eyes.

"Why, what's come to you, Rory?" Paddy cried, as he seized his old comrade's hand.

"What's come to all Killarney," the boy replied—"the famine and the fever."

"It's sick you are," Paddy cried. "Why don't you go into the house and let your mother nurse you?"

"She's dead."

"Your sister, then, or your feyther?"

"She's dead, and he's dead—they're all dead, rest their souls. There isn't a house in Killarney that's escaped, Paddy."

"Not a house in Killarney, blessed Vargin! Does ye mane there's any one dead at my house?"



Rory nodded silently. The beautiful landscape seemed to whirl down, and Paddy sat down.

“Yees be afther m’aning me grandmither,” he said after a moment. “She’s ould enough to die, puir body.”

“No,” Rory replied, “she’d got used to livin’ without food, she said, and she’s alive yet and does the wurruk of the house. It was the littlest ones that went first afther there was no more milk, for the cow was found and tuk for the rint.”

Paddy burst into tears. “The littlest ones! Thin, is Ellen gone, the darlint, and Donal’, who used to go fishin’ with me?”

“Gone, ivery one of ’em.”

“What! not my oldest sister Mary, not Mary, now?”

“Ivery one of ’em. Mary held out the longest, but she towld me one day when I tuk her a carrot, ‘I’ve got to die, Rory,’ says she, ‘for my mither won’t ate as long as I’m livin’. She pushes the food onto my plate, and sometimes the hunger overpowers me that bad that I ate it; but maybe she’ll ate when I’m

gone.' And so she did. But little good it did your mother, for she——"

"Rory!" Paddy shrieked with a mighty cry, "don't be afther telling me my mother's dead—don't be telling me that, for I couldna bear it."

"Find it out for yersel', then," said Rory, pointing to the group in the graveyard.

The boy started to run, but the shock was too great, and he fainted at the first bound. Rory dashed some water in his face and said as he recovered: "I don't know that she is dead for certain. I only know that she's been sick two weeks with the fever, and they mostly dies, but maybe she isn't dead yit."

"Thank yees for that, Rory," Paddy replied feebly, and he hurried toward his home, repeating "Maybe she isn't dead yit."

And his mother was not dead. She had lain all night in a muttering delirium, talking of her oldest boy and repeating the mighty blessing with which she had blessed him when he left her. "Christ's saints stand betwixt him and harum—St. Patrick and all the

rest of them, and God over all with His sthrong right arm."

Mother Maloney sat in the chimney and listened to the chirping of the crickets and muttered in response, "There's the thor-daal back. I haven't heard them chirp since the cow was took. Well they know, the craythers, whether there's food in the cabin for them. And what have they come for now, I wonder. Sure all the trenches are bare; there's not a crumb of bread or a grain of male to set before thim. Sure, they're hundreds of years old, and they betrayed our Lord when he was hidin' from the Jews, sayin': 'He's here, he's here,' and for that rayson they run from all Christians; but it's not I would offend them or refuse thim the bit sup if I had it. Tell me, ye craythers, why ye've come to an empty house."

The crickets were silent, but the sick woman made answer: "He's coming—Paddy's coming, and he's got the luck penny. He loved his pig, but he loves his mother better, and he'll kill Finn for

her sake, and there'll be roast pork for us all."

"They hear that, the craythers," said Mother Maloney, crossing herself—"roast pork for us all. Begob, it isn't likely but the thordaal spoke up at that word as they did to the Jews. He's here, he's here!"

As she spoke a shrill cry was heard outside the house, and Mother Maloney crossed herself again and cried: "It's the banshee! The Maloneys have their banshee, that always come to foretell the death of any of the family."

"It is not," cried Dennis O'Learey, springing up from his wife's bedside—"it's Paddy's pig, Finn ma Cool, squ'aling for his supper, and by the same token, she's right, and Paddy himsel' not far distant."

He went to the door and saw Paddy coming across the fields. "Mavourneen, acushla ma chree, you are right," he cried to his wife. "Paddy's comin' home. Sure, it's not so impolite as to be dying you are, with your boy coming down the road as fast as his legs can carry him."

She opened her eyes, and they rested on Paddy with a smile of ineffable tenderness and then closed again.

“Love’s brought her back from the grave,” said Mother Maloney, “but it’s only food’ll kape her here. It’s just this minute she was longing for a bit of roast pork.”

“I’ll kill Finn,” Paddy cried. “I’ve no right to, but Miss Kathleen will forgive me.”

As he left the cabin with his father they met Miss Kathleen, followed by a maid bearing a basket.

“Miss Kathleen, Miss Kathleen,” cried the boy; “you’ve come in time to kape me from committing a sin. I was going to kill Finn, *your* pig, Miss Kathleen, for my mother’s starving; but here’s the crayther, and he’s yours, and I’ve sought you all over Ireland, and praise be to the saints, I’ve got him to you safe at last; but oh! come and help my mother!”

“That I will, Paddy, for I heard she was suffering, though I did not know you were here, and I’ve food better suited to her con-

dition than pork would be; but you shall not be denied that either, for I will send you down one of my father's best Suffolks in exchange for Finn. You may drive him up to the Hall if you like, simply to keep him safe, for I fear you would not be allowed to possess him long here."

Slowly, in the days that followed, Mrs. O'Leary drifted back to health and strength, and little by little the dire distress about them was relieved, at first by the distribution of the American funds brought by Barney Maloney, and later by the first good potato crop in three years.

Squire Desmond, too, had met with good fortune during his absence from Ireland, and had come back with plans and means for the establishment of a manufactory of tweeds, which would give employment to a large number of the inhabitants of the region.

Finn ma Cool lived to a green old age, growing more and more intelligent and dying at last, as Paddy declared, "from an excess of eddication."

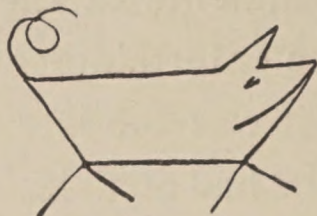
On the occasion of Miss Kathleen's birthday, when Paddy was requested to show Finn's accomplishments at the Hall, he discovered while the entertainment was in progress, and when it was too late to supply the deficiency, that he had no dainties to place behind the swinging discs. He had already asked the pig to spell his name when this occurred to him, and he expected certain failure.

What was his surprise when Finn indicated the proper letters, showing that he not only understood the question, but had actually learned to spell. Paddy could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses until he had put his pet through all his usual questions, and found that he spelled every word correctly without the help of any trick or suggestion from him.

As he grew older Finn became not only wiser but better, entirely dropping his old vice of poaching, though this was possibly occasioned by an excess of fat and laziness.

One day Miss Kathleen showed Paddy the humorous sketch which she had made of

Finn on the day that she left Ireland, and to which she now added a companion piece.



YOUTH.

“This is the pig who, nose in air
And small tail crisply curled,
While all the future seemed most fair,
Set out to see the world.”



EXPERIENCE.

“This is the pig, the self-same pig,
Potential pork and ham,
Who, disappointed, tells his friends
He’s found the world a sham.” *

Notwithstanding the bettered condition of the country, Barney, who had had a taste of the New World, could not be induced to remain permanently in Ireland, but after his marriage with Rose Callahan, a wedding which will be famous in Killarney for many a day, took his bride and his mother-in-law

* Verses by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow.

back to America. He wrote regularly to his mother, sending her considerable sums of money, and she had the satisfaction before her death to hear that he had become an alderman in the city of New York. He frequently invited Paddy to come over and "make his fortin," but the boy could not be induced again to leave his mother. Paddy rose to be foreman of the new factory and a most influential man in his native place. Dennis O'Learey reformed his drinking habits. The temperance medal proved indeed a luck penny for the entire household, and to Killarney as well. It seemed as if the mantle of Father Mathew had fallen upon Paddy, for he busied himself earnestly in winning all his associates to the temperance cause, for he had learned that

"Man may work with the great God—yea ours
This privilege, all others how beyond—
Effectually the planet to subdue,
And break old savagehood in claw and tusk,
To draw our fellows up as with a cord
Of love unto their high appointed place,
Till from our state, barbaric and abhorred,
We do arrive unto a royal race,
To be the blest companions of the Lord."

[THE END.]



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